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The China Mail

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HONG KONG, MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1932.

PRICE \$3.00 Per Month.

M. W. BUDD WINS COLONY GOLF TITLE FROM STEWART BY 8 STROKES

STATION MASTER MUST DIE FOR RAIL DISASTER

Held Responsible For
Awful Accident.

SOVIET COURT VERDICT.

Moscow, To-day. As a sequel to the Black Sea Express wreck of October 16, the Supreme Court has sentenced to death the man Bulakov, stationmaster, convicted of interfering in the work of his assistant Vanteev by arbitrarily signalling "line clear" while he was occupied with another train.

Vanteev was sentenced to eight years for not preventing the mistake of Bulakov.

A watchman and a signalman were given six and one year's imprisonment respectively.

The Express, it will be recalled, struck a shunting engine and two coaches travelling at high speed. More than 90 persons were killed and 30 injured. The Soviet suppressed the story of the wreck at the time. — Reuter.

NOTED COLONY MERCHANT ON GRAVE CHARGE

Forgery Of Power Of
Attorney Alleged.

BAIL SET AT \$100,000.

Charges of the forgery of a power of attorney for the control and management of the King Fuk Wo Firm, 66, Bonham Strand East, involving the loss of nearly \$100,000, were brought against Chan Sik-nin, alias Chan Hing-kau, a well-known Chinese merchant, before Mr. Schofield in the Central Police Court this morning. Accused is described as the managing partner of the firm, and has interests in a number of leading pawnshops.

Mr. Hin-shing Lo, instructed by Mr. Peter Sin, appeared for the prosecution, and said that accused was arrested on Saturday on a warrant for search and not on a warrant for arrest. In consequence of certain discoveries further arrests would be made in due course, and further applications for search warrants would also be made. The Police had now in their custody a number of documents relating to the charges, and also the safe, to which the accused held the key.

Mr. F. X. d'Almada, senior, for the defence, argued that the prosecution were not entitled to see the documents, and asked His Worship to make an order to that effect, to be in force for a week. He applied for bail in the sum of \$5,000.

Mr. Lo strongly opposed bail for two reasons, namely, that further arrests would be made and that further warrants for search would be applied for.

His Worship, after hearing further deliberation, made an order that the safe is to be opened, if necessary, in the presence of legal representatives of both parties, and the documents are to remain in Police custody for a week. He fixed bail in the sum of \$100,000 in the meantime.

Accused was remanded for a week.

Mrs. Katherine Bowes-Smith, who is well-known in financial circles in the Colony, arrived back in the Colony yesterday on the *Conte Verde* from Venice.



The daughters of ex-King Alfonso of Spain, Infanta Beatrice and Infanta Maria Cristina, with Lord Londonderry and his house party at Mount Stewart, Newtownderry, County Down, Ireland. The Infanta Beatrice driving with little Cathryn Stanley, daughter of Lady Maureen Stanley and grand-daughter of the host.

REICH AND PRUSSIA IN CLOSE UNITY

Political Fusion Is
Accomplished.

MINISTERS' NEW DUTIES

Berlin, To-day.

Political fusion of the Reich with Prussia will be accomplished to-day by the official announcement that Herr Bracht and Herr Popitz, Reich Ministers without portfolio will, take over the Prussian Ministries of the Interior and of Finance respectively.

Herr Brauns, the Reich Minister of Food Supply, will be entrusted with the Prussian Ministry of Agriculture.

Yesterday Chancellor von Papen issued a decree abolishing the Prussian Ministry of Welfare, as well as various departments of other ministries, whose functions will be taken over by Ministers of the Reich. — Reuter.

MAIL PLANE FLIES NORTH

May Link Colony With
Marseilles.

According to a radio message received at the Government Station here this morning from Hanoi, M. Nouges, the French airmen, piloting a Fokker machine, left the French territory at 7.27 a.m. this morning, flying to Canton. It is not known what time the airman will continue his flight to the Colony.

The French Consulate has not received any official intimation of the flyer's departure. Replying to a *China Mail* representative, M. Tessier, the French Consul-General, said he had no idea when the airman would arrive, and he was completely in the dark regarding his movements.

The route taken by M. Nouges is being contemplated as a prospective air mail line linking the Colony with French Indo-China and Europe via Marseilles, and is in the nature of a trial flight.

Arrival in Canton.

M. Nouges, the French air pilot, who left Hanoi this morning at 7.27 in a Fokker plane, arrived in Canton at 3 p.m. this afternoon, after a stop at Kwong-chauwan for refuelling.

He will fly to Hong Kong on Wednesday and is expected to arrive during the night.

MR. H. D. C. JONES RETIRES FROM HONG KONG & SHANGHAI BANK.

Senior Manager Leaves Post
In Great Organisation.

London, To-day.

Mr. H. D. C. Jones, senior manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, retires to-day.

Mr. Jones completed fifty years of banking only recently. — Reuter.

KREUGER LEFT LARGE GIFTS TO RELATIVES

Famous Financier's
Last Moments.

SAW INEVITABLE END.

Torsten Kreuger, brother of the famous monopolist, and his father, Ernst Kreuger, received great gifts of property and securities on the death of Ivar Kreuger, when the whole fabric of the vast Swedish enterprise collapsed in the ruin of its credit.

These facts were disclosed at the trial of Torsten and the three Kreuger company auditors, which latter were sentenced to prison terms for false rendering of accounts.

It has been definitely proved, by evidence brought forward by the liquidators investigating the Kreuger interests, that in October, 1931, the head of those vast enterprise was aware that the life of his business was near an end. As ruin and prison threatened him, he attempted to assure the future ease of those whom he loved. On October 10 he carried to his apartment shares and bonds amounting to more than 8,000,000 Kroner, and hid these in a wardrobe of his bedroom.

(Continued on Page 7.)

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

Canton Commissioner
On Visit Here.

Mr. Lan Yick-chung, Commissioner of Civil Affairs in Canton, arrived here on the *Conte Verde* from Singapore yesterday.

A reception was held at the ship, some 20 persons from Canton coming to greet the Commissioner.

Mr. Lam paid a call upon Mr. Hui Han and proceeded to Canton by the night train.

(Continued on Page 7.)

POLICE CHARGE DEMONSTRATORS TO QUELL RIOT

Trafalgar Square Scene
Of Furious Melee.

MANY ARE ARRESTED.

London, To-day.

Scuffles between police and unemployed demonstrators in Trafalgar Square, which resulted in a baton charge to quell the threatened riot, marked the the weekend. A number were injured and arrested.

Trouble started when a few hooligans started to break windows in a nearby shop and tried to overturn a passing motorcar after a quiet meeting.

The majority of demonstrators, however, dispersed in an orderly manner after their meeting.

The crowds gathered yesterday to hear speakers who urged economic reforms. They listened quietly enough and it was small number on the outskirts of the gathering that started the trouble with police.

Batons swung freely and there were sore heads among the demonstrators.

Following a number of arrests, the crowd dispersed quietly. — Reuter.

Tsitsihar Surrounded

Anti-Manchukuo Forces
Plan Attack.

Harbin, To-day.

According to the Japanese press, anti-Manchukuo forces are endeavouring to encircle Tsitsihar with the supposed intention of storming the city, where secret agents and spies are conducting anti-Manchukuo propaganda, and where the situation is said to be tense.

Four Russian refugees, with ages from 19 to 24, arrived from Harbin yesterday by steamer and were arrested by the police for being without documents. The youth state that fifty military and many civil aeroplanes are stationed at Harbin, and that the town is filled with troops. They decided to risk everything and escape from Soviet territory, owing to the insufficiency of foodstuffs for civilians.

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Mr. Lam paid a call upon Mr. Hui Han and proceeded to Canton by the night train.

(Continued on Page 7.)

BRILLIANT DRIVING IN RECORD ROUND

HOLDER'S OPENING FORM NOT MAINTAINED

WILSON WINS VISITORS' CUP WITH 169

[By "DIVOT".]

M. W. BUDD, AS FORECASTED BY DIVOT IN THE *CHINA MAIL* ON SATURDAY, WON THE COLONY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT FANLING YESTERDAY WHEN HE RETURNED AN AGGREGATE TOTAL OF 146 FOR THE THIRTY-SIX HOLES — 8 STROKES BETTER THAN A. B. STEWART, LAST YEAR'S WINNER.

Stewart, who won the title last year from I. W. Shewan, went round the old course in 76, but disappointed his many supporters with a 78 over the new course. Shewan never recovered from a series of early disasters and returned cards of 89 and 78.

Col. E. D. Matthews, secretary to the Royal Hong Kong Golf Club officially announced the results this afternoon. Except that C. W. F. Booker replaces W. J. Buller in the score-list, the results exclusively published in the first edition of the *China Mail* were correct.

C. E. C. Marton returned 81 at the end of the morning round, but his 76 over the new course proved unavailing against Budd's big advantage of six strokes at the end of the first round. J. K. MacFarlan, the Fanling champion in 1930, returned a card of 84 at the end of the morning round and did not participate in the afternoon round.

Budd, the new Colony champion, won the All-China Championship four years in succession — from 1925 to 1928 inclusive — and was runner-up in the following two years. His card of 71 for the new course was an excellent effort, considering that it was only the third time he had played over it. His aggregate of 146 establishes a new record for Colony Champion ship, beating Stewart's 160 by 14 strokes!

D. C. Wilson with cards of 81 and 88 carried off the Visitors' Cup, easily defeating F. E. A. Remedios and other well-known players from other Clubs.

A. E. Lissaman with a round of 81 won the morning round over the old course while A. H. Ferguson's 74 won for him the afternoon round over the new course.

Following a number of arrests, the crowd dispersed quietly. — Reuter.

BUDD'S CONSISTENCY.

Remarkable consistency was the keynote of Budd's success. His powerful driving was the feature of the championship and his accurate approaches further consolidated the position for his putting abilities to be brought to the fore.

He gauged the slight breeze to perfection and played a sterling game throughout, only a lapse at the sixth, seventh, ninth and tenth holes on the new course spoiling what might well have proved an incomparable aggregate.

His cards for the thirty-six holes were as follow:—

Morning Round over the old course: 4 4 8 4 4 4 3 5 6 — 87
4 5 3 4 3 4 5 5 5 — 88
Afternoon Round over the new course: 3 3 4 3 4 5 5 4 5 — 86
5 4 3 3 4 4 3 4 — 85

IDEAL CONDITIONS.

When the first couple drove off conditions were ideal with a slight breeze blowing just strong enough to carry a badly struck ball into trouble. At full stretch, the old course was in good condition after the rain which fell over Fanling throughout Saturday.

When the first couple drove off conditions were ideal with a slight breeze blowing just strong enough to carry a badly struck ball into trouble. At full stretch, the old course was in good condition after the rain which fell over Fanling throughout Saturday.

However, comment from informed circles, E. A. Pierce and Co., states: "We do not consider the selling important this morning, but we continue to believe that the underlying tone is more confident than might appear on the surface."

Enforcement is operative in Canton first and then will be extended to the third districts of the interior.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING AT CATHEDRAL

Capt. Webb Weds Miss
Elliot-Heywood.

ARMY OFFICERS PRESENT.

A wedding of great social interest to the Colony, was solemnised in St. John's Cathedral this afternoon, when Miss Enid Ida Elliot-Heywood, only daughter of Captain C. E. Elliot-Heywood, R.A.F.C., and Mrs. Elliot-Heywood, of 10, Carnarvon Buildings, Kowloon, became the bride of Captain Francis William Webb, Royal Artillery, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. H. Webb, of Sevenoaks, Kent, and A.D.C. to His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government (the Hon. Mr. W. T. Southorn, C.M.G.). The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. A. Swann, M.A., D.S.C., Dean of Hong Kong, assisted by the Rev. Walton Rogers, M.A. Victor of St. Andrew's Church, Kowloon.

The Cathedral was crowded, those present including H.E. the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Southorn, H.E. the G.O.C., Major-General J. W. Sandilands, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., many distinguished residents, and Officers from the R.A., South Wales Borderers, Lincolns, Argylls, Navy and Air Force. The scene was brilliant.

Entering the Cathedral on the arm of her father, the bride wore delightfully a most effective gown of Courtaulds' chenille bridal velvet in ivory, by Worth, executed by Eunice. Its moderate decollete cowl front, and back moulded smoothly to the shape of the neck, caught together with a tiny ring of orange blossoms. (Continued on Page 4.)

EUROPEAN POSING AS INSPECTOR.

Obtains Money From
Mongkok Factory.

Police enquiries in connection with a report on Saturday regarding the Masquerade of a European as an Inspector of Factories, accompanied by a Chinese, have revealed that the manager of the Yuet Yee Lung Knitting Factory, Nelson Street, Mongkok district, had been induced to part with a sum of \$20 with the alternative of prosecution for failure to comply with regulations. He describes the masquerader as a Portuguese, aged about 25 years, of short and thin build.

He states that the money was handed over through the medium of a Chinese, as the Portuguese did not speak Punti.

The report adds that other factories in the district have been similarly approached but in these cases money was not handed over.

Police are investigating.

CANTON ORDER FOR MILITARY DRILL.

Students Compelled to
Take Training.

Canton, To-day.

The Board of Education has renewed the programme for military training in the provincial universities and middle schools. After December 7, every boy who is able-bodied is to do his share of military drill and learn the rudiments of the business of a soldier.

Enforcement is operative in Canton first and then will be extended to the third districts of the interior.



The Woman's Page



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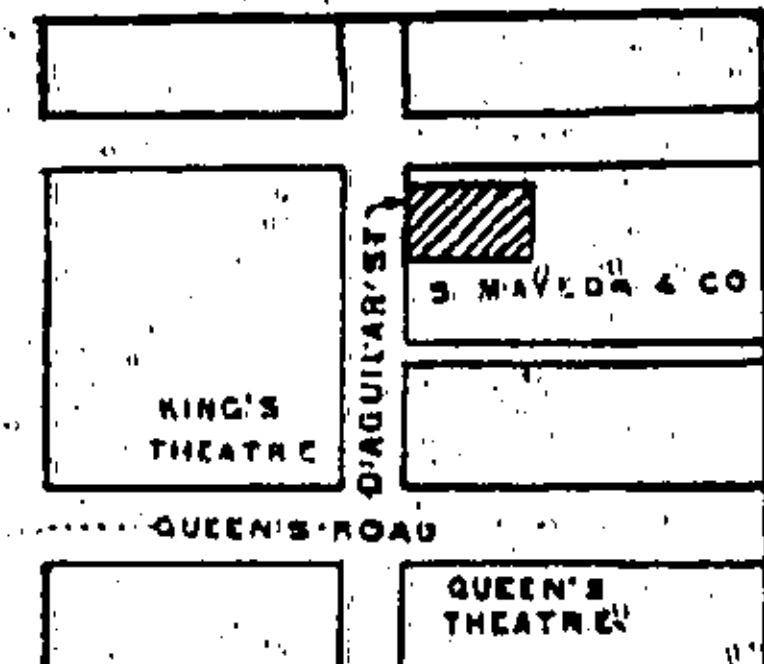
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Men Are Disgusted By Bold Dress

**Frivolous Style No Help
To Popularity**

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER

The male point of view. Of course it exists—about women and their clothes. I mean. But how often do we stop to consider it when our enthusiasm is running riot over a new hat or frock, or when we are planning new experiments in make-up, writes a Woman Correspondent.

These solemn thoughts were engendered by an advertisement I saw some time ago extolling the virtues of a certain face preparation; dissension in the menage had arisen, and the husband, turning into a strong disciplinarian, had refused to take his wife out unless she removed the obvious effects of lip-stick!

Rather nervously I sounded a 'mere man' on the subject, and found that we are considerably more severely criticised, than, I think, we imagine, and that a number of the additional frills and touches which we give ourselves in the fond conceit that thereby we shall be even more attractive, detract from our charm when under the stern gaze of the mere man. A woman gets an extraordinary amount of real pleasure out of playing about with creams and powders and face lotions and all the hundred and one things invented to keep us amused and on the never ending quest for the will o' the wisp 'Perpetual Youth.'

I think woman's delight in dress is always a mystery and a source of amusement to men, and I am afraid that they cynically put it down to a desire to outshine our dearest friend. A woman naturally likes, or should like to look her best always, and self-respect demands that we should dress as smartly as possible and keep in the fashion. But if we are frank with ourselves, I think we shall admit that we also have an eye on the effect we shall create on our male acquaintances and their reaction thereto. She is a strong-minded woman who can honestly say that she doesn't care

Oh! The Jaundice.

She was being taken out to dinner and a show afterwards, and unfortunately it was not yet dark when she met her escort. She was going along very gaily, feeling that she was looking irresistible, but had forgotten that her make-up was for view under electric light only. Her escort suddenly with a shout of horror, assured her that she must be suffering from jaundice and insisted on taking her home immediately. I will draw a curtain over the remainder of that evening.

Eye brows also need careful watching, else in our desire to be very outré, we call down on our heads masculine scorn for thin pencilled lines that perhaps do not suit us when we are the possessors of quite attractive natural eyebrows. Finger nails of too bright a pink, cheeks on which the bloom is too obviously out of a box, fingers stained from over-much smoking; all small points which it is very easy to overlook.

Do not think that I am advocating a return to Mid-Victorianism and the relegating to the dust-bin of all modern aids to beauty in an endeavour to placate the simpler

two pins for any man's opinion of her appearance and personally I should be somewhat sceptical about her strong-mindedness!

It does therefore behove us to pay a certain amount of serious attention to the criticisms of our male admirers (sic) as our self respect must suffer if we feel that our fine feathers have the opposite effect to calling forth unstinted admiration!

The advertisement to which I have already referred, seems to me to draw attention to one of the little 'extras' which we overlook.

Careful with Lip-Stick.

We all use lip-stick—it is practically a necessity in the tropics if one wishes to avoid cracked and shrivelled looking lips—but from using a natural colour, we gradually, almost unconsciously graduate to employing a vivid carmine, to which we become so accustomed ourselves that it comes as a severe shock when we discover that men frankly view our lips with disgust and itch to rub an erasing thumb over the offending line.

Then our eyes. How often do we experiment with eye-black and powders and creams to make our eyes full of mystery and charm—and then hear a cold male voice asking sarcastically whence our black eyes.

I remember, once in England, using the latest thing in eye-lash cosmetic, but tragedy—we went to a play which played havoc with my eye-lashes, leaving attractive long streaks of black down my cheeks. Which reminds me of a poor friend of mine, who in the days when to have your face done up to match your dress was the craze of the moment had hers done a marvellous orche, the then really chic shade.

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Uncrushable Frocks

**Joy For Busy Woman's
Action Wardrobe.**

A frock made of uncrushable material is an unqualified joy to the busy woman who needs her wardrobe always ready for action. When suits and top coats can be fashioned from fabric which has the same qualities gratitude knows no bounds. It is agreeable to be met at the railway station after a long train journey—how much more agreeable it will be when we can step out of the train certain that our clothes are not mussed up and altogether looking travel-worn and bedraggled.

There was news of the travel coats being shown in Paris made in tricot. This is one of the weaves that is able to withstand many hours of travel and show no signs of fatigue. It is in the knitted goods that manufacturers have perhaps shown their greatest ingenuity. Until this year, it has been only the coarse and harsh fibres which have been woven so that they can be cut in a really tailored manner. The softer yarns—the only ones pleasant to wear—have had so little "body" about them that it has been impossible to prevent them sagging. By some means, that seems to have been overcome this season and even the softest of woollens can be given that careful detail which is half the battle of chic.

MENU SUGGESTIONS FOR TO-MORROW.

Breakfast Menu.

Ready Cooked Wheat Cereal
Cream
Buttered Graham Toast
Orange Marmalade
Coffee

Luncheon.

Tomato Sandwiches
Fruit Cookies
Scallop Eggs and Mushrooms
Buttered Spinach
Bread
Lettuce
Plum Jam
French Dressing
Peach Cobbler
Cream
Coffee

Tomato Sandwiches, Serving Four
8 slices buttered bread
8 slices tomatoes

4 tablespoons salad dressing
2 tablespoons cottage cheese
2 tablespoons chopped onions
2 tablespoons chopped pickle
relish

1/4 teaspoon salt
Arrange tomatoes, on half the bread slices. Spread with rest of the ingredients which have been mixed. Cover with remaining slices and serve. Shredded lettuce can be added if desired.

Scallop Eggs And Mushrooms
(Serving Six).

4 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons flour
3 cups milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons chopped green
peppers

2 tablespoons chopped celery
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1/2 cups cooked mushrooms
3 hard cooked eggs, diced

NEW FABRICS IN PARIS SALONS.

Woollen And Rabbit Hair Weave.

A woollen and rabbit hair weave is one of the new fabrics that has created the keenest interest at the Paris openings, my Fashion Correspondent tells me. Under the name of "crepe jalap" this is launched by Bruyere in the lightest quality for afternoon frocks. It has a close gauze mesh that is ideal for wear under coats of "burlap," another light-weight fabric, but in a rougher, weave.

"Nervella" is another admirable introduction, and is used consistently, by the "haute couture" for winter coats in dark brown or black. It has a narrow embossed tuck regularly woven at quarter to half inch depth. This material, in fact, all the embossed tucked weaves, is handled by most of the big designers so that the tucked line runs round the figure.

Cross-Stitch Coat Fabrics.

Yet another of these embossed fabrics is "piliselya." In this case there are wide bands of three or four tucks woven closely together next to an equally wide stretch of plain weave. This material is most effective in black.

"Geralya" is a woollen material with a minute honeycomb weave for dresses and suits, and another great success is cysgalia, a soft angora fabric which is used enormously in dresses and suits.

Cross-stitch and dishcloth linen are some of the other effects achieved by the new fabrics. "Erdi" is a woolen crepe that has the former effect, and "mousu" is a rattine suggestive of the latter.

Very popular for winter coats is "bakou," a flat crepe with a large cross-stitch design.

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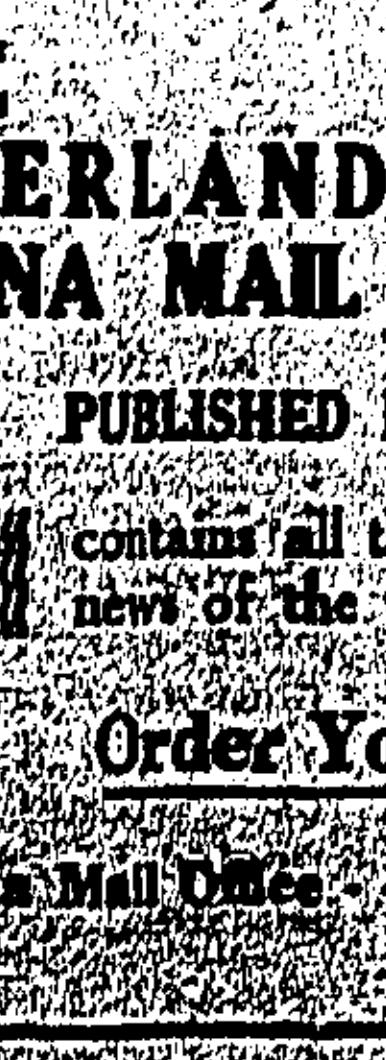
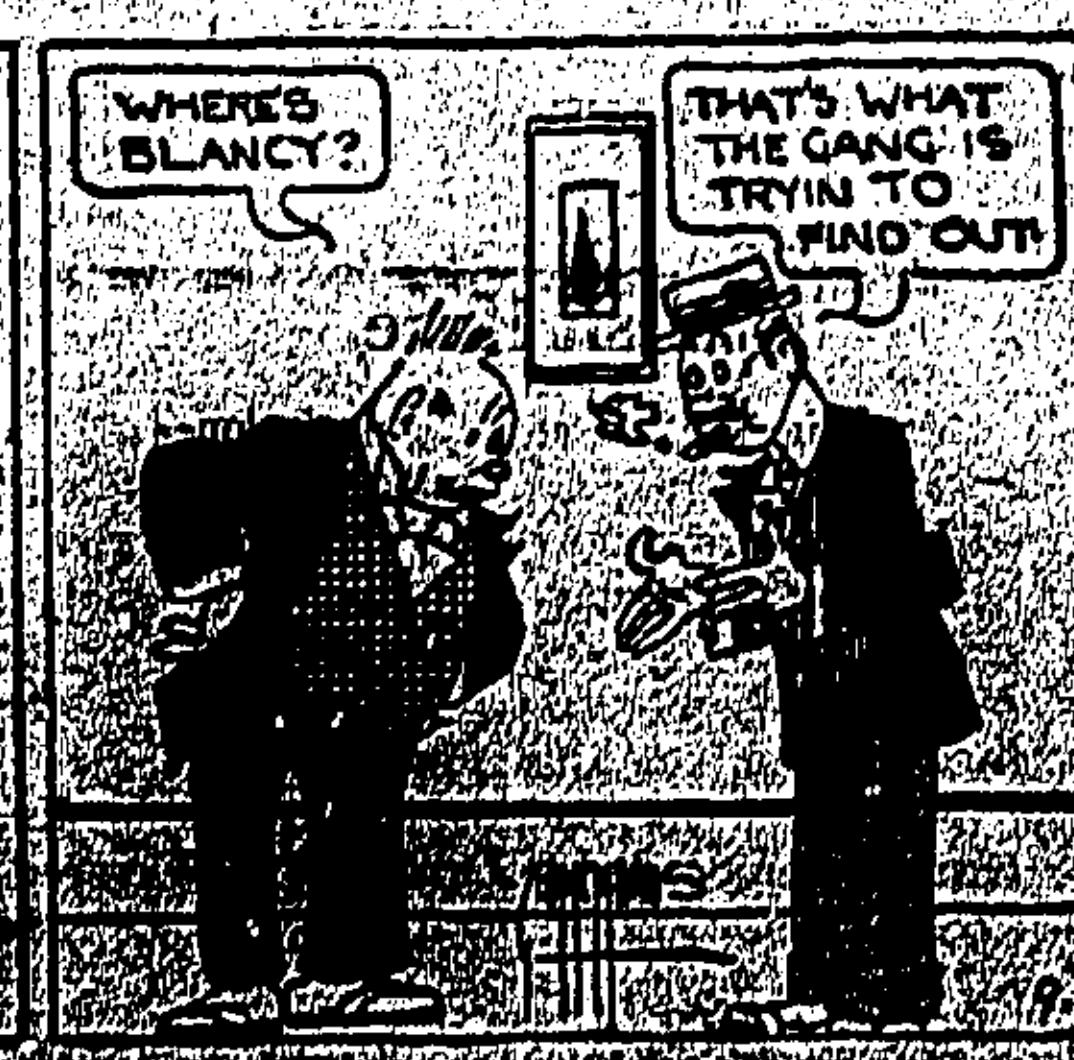
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Novels In Brief

Hot Water.—By P. G. Wodehouse. (Jenkins, 7s 6d).—Mr. Wodehouse in his most entertaining vein. He has done nothing funnier than this up-to-date farce about a plot to steal Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge's jewels—plot of great complexity which introduces two crooks from America, and a host of other characters all in the authentic Wodehouse tradition. That "P.G." has excelled himself will be the verdict of thousands of his admirers.

The Uttermost Gift.—By Dorothy Cunynghame. (Hutchinson, 7s 6d).—Gerda Faraday, unable to secure the love of an adored mother, retreats into a world of her own, her contacts with real people being meaningless until she meets Clive. The spiritual awakening of Gerda is described with great power and insight, and the novel as a whole conclusively proves that Miss Cunynghame understands men and women. A satisfying and sincere piece of work.

Grope Carries On.—By F. O. Mann. (Faber, 8s 6d).—"Albert Grope," a happy, very human novel was an outstanding success a year or two back. In this sequel we get the further adventures of the pseudonymous hero during the Great War, when he has some surprising experiences in a Government office.

**VALUABLE BOOK ON
TRANSPORTATION.**
Compression Ignition
Fully Discussed.

The second edition of a book of outstanding interest to all concerned with road transport, and to students of engineering and others, has just been published, at 2s. 6d., by Temple Press Ltd., London, E.C.1. It is entitled "Compression Ignition Engines for Road Vehicles," and comes from the pen of the Editor of *The Commercial Motor*.

The first edition—which was the first authoritative manual on the oil engine as applied to road transport—appeared in January of this year. The book deals thoroughly with the theory and practice of the high-speed compression-ignition engine, describes all makes at present marketed (with a table summarising their technical data), and includes chapters on maintenance, engines, auxiliaries, fuel pumps, oil and lubricants etc. actually giving detailed tables of vehicle operating costs. The second edition is up to date, longer and more comprehensive.

**STRANGE STORY OF
THE ESKIMO.**

**Written By A Man Who
Married One.**

"Eskimo" by Peter Freuchen, translated by A. Paul Maerker. Branden and Elsa Branden is something new.

Taparte . . . threw himself upon his wife, and hammered her head with his fists. Then he dragged her by her hair around the tent . . . Taparte, grasping a club, beat her mercilessly . . . Aba, like an experienced boxer, made a leap for Taparte, throwing her arms around him. Being tall and heavy, she pulled him down with her weight, making it impossible for him to strike her again . . . Nevertheless, he eventually shook her off, forced her to the ground, and belaboured her abdomen and kidneys with his fists.

The cheering onlookers thought it impertinent to interfere between husband and wife, but as the busybody was Mala, Mr. Freuchen's formidable hero, nobody like to protest.

Mala, the Eskimo beau was annoyed because his wife had, pardonably enough, been mistaken for a seal and shot by a white trader; as a relief to his feelings he carried off Aba and murdered Taparte, afterwards gouging out the dead man's eyes and throwing them into his tent. This exploit got round to the ears of the Canadian police; the rest of the book is concerned with the noble savage's encounter with white man's justice, his escape, and his trek with wife and family into a safer district.

Pretty Creatures.

Mr. Freuchen (whose first wife was an Eskimo girl) throws interesting light on the manners of the sub-Arctic:—

Old Natak . . . took a couple of pieces of dried reindeer meat left over from last year. The pieces were all, mouldy, but she cleaned them with her finger-nails and handed them to the children. Iva . . . looked for an especially fine morsel, and, offering it to one of the guests, did not even lick it clean of soup and blood slime. Perhaps white men preferred to be the only ones to put their mouth to their meat?

Paula was more eager than she to possess Airuna, despite the fact that her garments were torn to tatters, her face dirty from the crust of old soap, her hair matted and full of reindeer hair and elder-duck down. She had the power to induce Pala . . .

"A splendid cigarette,"

and another page follows, detailing the action in what Mr. Evelyn Waugh's young ladies would call "dickmaking."

**Witty, Malevolent
Court Memoirs**

**Scandal And Tragedy
By Prince Bulow**

THE FOURTH VOLUME

(By Edward Hawke)

If any reader of the late Prince von Bulow's first three volumes of memoirs, should suppose that the fourth, and last volume, is in any way inferior to its predecessors, he is greatly mistaken.

The witty and malevolent old gentleman who dictated his book after the war, when he was living at the Villa Malta in Rome, knew very well how to attract the maximum amount of publicity for his posthumous *Apologia*.

Von Bulow, therefore, began with the German collapse in 1918. But he knew well enough that the comparison was misleading.

Lola, A Music Hall Singer,

At Court.

In recalling his days with the Hussars, Bulow brings out some of those lively anecdotes of which he had an inexhaustible store—whether true or well invented.

For example, there was a certain Guido von Nimptsch, whom the Empress Frederick regarded as "the best-looking man in Berlin."

While in America he had married an American music-hall singer named Lola, and he brought her to Berlin. One fine day she eloped with a Russian, leaving a letter to

explain that Nimptsch was not rich enough to keep her in luxury.

"Count Nistitz was Military Attaché to the Russian Embassy in Berlin. He married Lola, the lady

he had run away with, and was transferred to Paris as Military

Attaché of his marriage. The wife of his new chief, the Russian Ambassador, Nelliadov, declared that she would not receive Countess

Lola on account of her vivid past.

The moment Guido von Nimptsch heard of this he travelled to Paris and demanded satisfaction of the Ambassador, Nelliadov, because his wife had dared to insult the former

Frau von Nimptsch.

"Nelliadov, who showed no inclination

to stand in front of Nimptsch's pistols, promised that the Countess

Nistitz would be well received in his house. Toujours chevalrusque was the motto of Guido."

Scandalous Stories Told of Russian Emperor.

Bulow was most carefully coached by his father in the art of pleasing Bismarck; the leading maxim was that he must be given plenty of facts and few opinions—not a bad rule for juniors in any profession.

Young Bulow was taken as a child by his parents to the castle of Rumpenheim, to visit the Prince Christian who became King of Denmark, and whose daughters are remembered as the Queen of England and the Empress of Russia.

"I used then to play with the pretty daughters of King Christian. The elder, Alexandra, the future consort of King Edward VII. of England, was a beautiful slim girl. She retained her wonderful waist and her light, airy, swinging gait to an advanced age.

"Later on, when I had the honour of meeting her, she teased me with having cuffed and even scratched her when we played tops, hoops, and 'roomie to let.'

Truthfulness compelled me to reply that I also had the honour of having been treated somewhat ungraciously now and again by the delightful Princess herself."

Later he spent some time at Lausanne, where he had the first of the affairs with women that sprin

kle his somewhat Voltairean pages, and alternate with pious reflections.

Franco-Prussian War Came As Great Surprise.

It is well known that at the Foreign Office in the summer of 1870 the political sky was thought to be cloudless. According to Bulow, the German Foreign Office, where his father was then engaged, was under a similar delusion.

The Emperor, despatch, skilfully doctored by Bismarck, caused France

injury and precipitated the war that the Chancellor desired, and

Bulow served through the short Franco-Prussian campaign with a Hussar regiment.

His stories of Gutshakov, Saburov, other Russian statesmen are all too scandalous. He credits the late Duke of Edinburgh, during the Russian war scare of 1877-78, with asking the officers on his flagship to remember that his wife was the Tsar's daughter—to which an officer is said, apocryphally no doubt, to have replied, "I know, sir; I would not like to be married to a Russian lady."

Bulow was happy in Paris in 1878-79, but he cannot resist quoting the familiar absurdities attributed to Marshal MacMahon. He is said, for instance, to have complimented a promising black cadet at St. Cyr with "C'est vous, le negu! Tres bien! Continuez, mon ami," continues!

That Bulow's anecdotes must be taken with at least a grain of salt is shown in the Paris chapter at a footnote, in which M. Camille Barrere, later French Ambassador at Rome, flatly contradicts the suggestion that

during the Commune of 1871, he

wrote in the "Pere Duchesne" an article denouncing the execution of

Archbishop Darboy.

When Victor Emmanuel III., who was a great monarch, courageous and only, received the news of Sedan, he demanded

prayerful intercession. "Mais, mon

cher ami, il faut faire ce que l'on

peut," he said, and then added,

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China Mail

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On View from Sunday, October 30, 1932.

Terms: Cash on Delivery.

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Auctioneers

Hong Kong, October 28, 1932.

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ON

FRIDAY, November 4, 1932, commencing at 10.30 a.m., at No. 112, The Peak.

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FURNITURE
(All Imported).

On View from Thursday, November 3, 1932.

Terms: Cash on Delivery.

LAMMERT BROS.

Auctioneers

Hong Kong, October 28, 1932.

NEW
ADVERTISEMENTS.THE INSTITUTION OF
ENGINEERS & SHIPBUILDERS
OF HONG KONG.

A Paper Entitled, "The High Speed and Intermediate Speed Heavy Oil Engines" will be read in the Institution by Mr. F. EDWARDS, A.M.I.Mech.E. (Member) on WEDNESDAY, November 2, at 5.45 p.m.

Members and their friends are invited to be present.

THE HONG KONG BRANCH OF
THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

HIS EXCELLENCY,
the Officer Administering
the Government,
Mr. W. T. Southorn, C.M.G.,
will preside at the first meeting
of the new session
on TUESDAY, November 1
(TO-MORROW)

at 5.15 p.m. in

The Helena May Institute.

The Rev. Father Byrne,
S.J., M.A., Ph.D.,
will speak on
"THE CHILD IN BOOKS
AND IN LIFE."

As this is the first meeting of the year, there will be an election of office-bearers, and all who intend to join the Association are invited to be present.

ROBERT K. M. SIMPSON,
Hon. Secretary & Treasurer.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY
CLUB.

THE THIRTEENTH EXTRA
RACE MEETING will be held
(Weather Permitting) at HAPPY
VALLEY on SATURDAY, 5th
November, 1932, commencing at 2
p.m.

The First Bell will be Rung at
1.30 p.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE.

Members are notified that they and their Ladies must wear their Badges prominently displayed.
No One without a Badge will be admitted to the Members' Enclosure.

Badges admitting Non-Members to the Members' Enclosure and Club Rooms at \$5.00 for Gentlemen and \$3.00 for Ladies (Both including Tax) are obtainable through the SECRETARY upon Introduction by a Member, such Member to be responsible for Payment of All Chits, &c.

Badges admitting to Members' Enclosure will NOT be on sale at the Race Course.
On No Pretext will Children be permitted in either Enclosure during the Meeting.

Tiffins are obtainable at the Club House provided they are ordered from the No. 1 Boy in advance.
Telephone 21920.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE.
The Price of Admission to the Public Enclosure is \$2.00 including Tax, for all Persons, including Ladies, and is payable at the Gate.

Soldiers and Sailors in Uniform are admitted Half Price.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac Men, &c., will not be permitted to operate within the Precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club during the Race Meeting.

By Order,
S. A. SLEAP,
Actg. Secretary.
Hong Kong, 31st October, 1932.

FOR SALE.

TESTED
FLOWER & VEGETABLE
SEEDS.

Indications point to a heavy demand for Seeds this Season. To be sure of getting every variety you will we suggest that you order to-day.

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Dealers in Flower and Vegetable Seeds.
10, Wyndham Street, Kowloon.

Hong Kong, October 28, 1932.

ROUND HONG KONG'S
CINEMA THEATRES

MAIL REVIEW

"BROTHER ALFRED"—
QUEEN'S THEATRE.

Gene Gerrard, in the leading role, utilises a mole on his neck in order to prove his identity as his twin brother Alfred, in B.I.P.'s production "Brother Alfred", adapted from the story by P. G. Wodehouse and Herbert Westrebrook, the current attraction at the Queen's Theatre.

The film, in which Molly Lamont is the heroine, is full of hilarious situations, and is further heightened when Raymond finds, he, as George, is to be decorated by a high born prince, and is unable to resume his own identity, owing to the fact that he cannot get rid of the mole on his neck. The heroine is aghast at the duplicity of her fiance's "brother."

In the supporting cast, Henry Wrennan, as an impudent uncle bent on blackmail, provides further entanglements. Elsie Randolph, James Carew, Hal Gordon and Clifford Heatherley also appear in the film.

MAIL REVIEW

"ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT"—
KING'S THEATRE.

An original play from the pen of Louis Bromfield, "One, Heavenly Night" starring John Boles and Evelyn Laye, one of England's best loved actresses, is the current attraction at the King's Theatre.

George Fitzmaurice, directed this production, the story of which tells of old world romance that begins in Budapest's gayest cabaret and then weaves its tempestuous excitement through the richest colour of Hungarian forest countryside. It is the romance of a pale little flower girl who became the bright and shining queen. The acting throughout is good.

John Boles is cast as Count Mirko, the fearless horsemen and chivalrous lover, Leon Errol provides the film's full measure of laughter, while Lillian Tashman appears more seductive than ever.

Evelyn Laye was given a great ovation at her debut in the Ziegfeld Theatre in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet" last year.

MAIL REVIEW

"DISORDERLY CONDUCT"—
MAJESTIC THEATRE.

Spencer Tracy enacts his greatest screen characterisation in Fox's all-talking laugh hit "Disorderly Conduct" now showing at the Majestic Theatre.

Tracy portrays the role of an honest and ambitious motorcycle officer who is unjustly demoted by political influence, and decides to abandon honesty for larceny. Another player who does exceptionally well is Ralph Bellamy, a youth with twelve years theatrical experience.

"Disorderly Conduct" tells of the unique adventure-romance of the

Police department. Brendel, the celebrated comedian, gives the film its full measure of fun. Others in the supporting cast include Sally Eilers, Ralph Morgan, Allan Dinehart and Corbelious Keefe.

SHADOWS

BEFORE

COMING EVENTS ADVERTISED
IN CHINA MAIL

Social Functions.

To-day—Tea Dances at King's Restaurant, Hong Kong Hotel and Gloucester; Dinner Dances at Peninsula and Hong Kong Hotels, and King's Restaurant.

Entertainments.

To-day—King's Theatre: "One, Heavenly Night". To-day—Queen's Theatre: "Brother Alfred".

To-day—Central Theatre: "The Unconquered Lover". To-day—Majestic Theatre: "Disorderly Conduct".

To-day—Star Theatre: "Various". To-day—Oriental Theatre: "The Sky Bride".

To-day—Lapwing Theatre: "The Famous Joy, Fun Toy Company with the Celebrated Miss Chee Toy".

MAIL REVIEW

"THE UNCONQUERED LOVER"—
CENTRAL THEATRE.

A Chinese talking and singing production "The Unconquered Lover" is now showing at the Central Theatre. It has an all-star cast and was produced by the Tee Mee Motion Picture Company of Canton. The talking is in the Cantonese dialect.

Gene Gerrard, in the leading role, utilises a mole on his neck in order to prove his identity as his twin brother Alfred, in B.I.P.'s production "Brother Alfred", adapted from the story by P. G. Wodehouse and Herbert Westrebrook, the current attraction at the Queen's Theatre.

The film, in which Molly Lamont is the heroine, is full of hilarious situations, and is further heightened when Raymond finds, he, as George, is to be decorated by a high born prince, and is unable to resume his own identity, owing to the fact that he cannot get rid of the mole on his neck. The heroine is aghast at the duplicity of her fiance's "brother."

In the supporting cast, Henry Wrennan, as an impudent uncle bent on blackmail, provides further entanglements. Elsie Randolph, James Carew, Hal Gordon and Clifford Heatherley also appear in the film.

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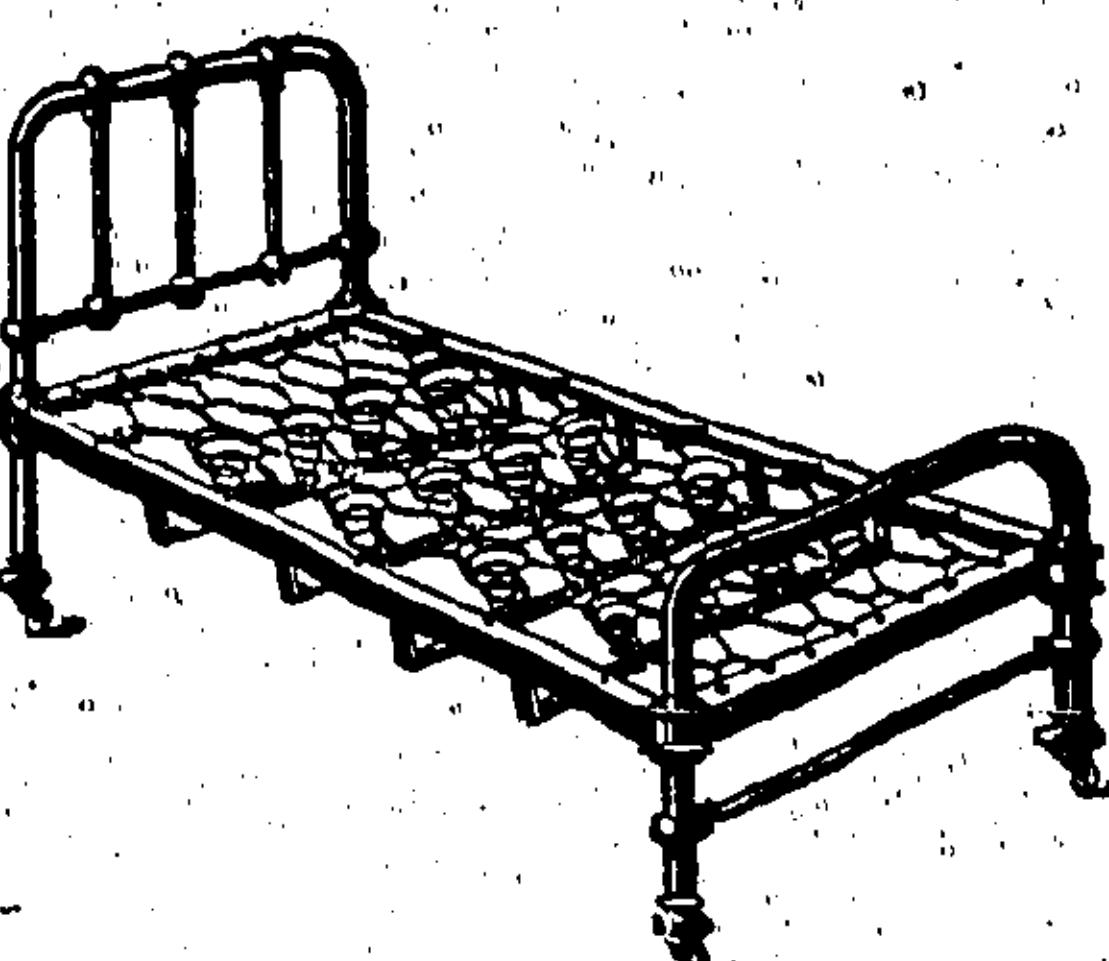
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A NEW COMBINATION BEDSTEAD



A new 3-part Combination Bedsteads with a Spiral Spring Mattress. These Mattresses are exceedingly comfortable and have usually been fitted to expensive beds. The price of this bed is within the reach of everyone.

Size: 6½ x 3 feet.

NOTE THE PRICE **\$22.50**
FIRST FLOOR SHOWROOMS.
WHITEAWAY, LAIDLAW & CO., LTD.

The China Mail.

Hong Kong, Monday, Oct. 31, 1932.

Australia's Recovery.

Mr. Lyons in his Budget speech was able to inform the Commonwealth Parliament that the returns for the financial year 1931-32 showed a surplus of £1,314,000 as against an estimated deficit of £1,148,000. This welcome result was due mainly to the fact that the yield from income-tax had exceeded expectations by over £3,660,000, which more than compensated for excesses over the estimates in some items of expenditure, particularly exchange and payments to the States. The Federal Government, however, have not been tempted by this satisfactory outcome to relax their efforts. The Budget for 1932-33 provides for further drastic economies, including another big reduction in the salaries paid to Ministers, members of Parliament, and Civil servants, and a cut in old-age and invalid pensions, which are now brought down to fifteen shillings a week with a saving to the Treasury of over a million pounds a year. The gold bonus, suspended for the time being, and Mr. Lyons intimated that it will probably remain suspended until the price of fine gold at the Melbourne Mint falls to £5 an ounce. There may be some outcry over this decision, but it has to be remembered that the depreciation of the Australian currency in terms of sterling, added to the depreciation of sterling in terms of gold, gives gold producers a bonus far exceeding anything they demanded when the two currencies were at par. The reductions in the salaries and wages of Civil servants and in the old-age and invalid pensions will naturally provoke criticism and even protest. They are justified on the ground that they correspond to the fall in the cost of living brought about by previous economies and by the reduction in the rate of interest, and, in any case, Australia has now recognized the necessity of cutting her cost according to her cloth. By means of these and other economies Mr. Lyons is able to balance his Budget for the coming year without any new taxation, and to ease considerably the burdens pressing upon the primary industries on which Australia relies to pay her way. The relief thus given, together with the encouraging prospect of a general rise in wholesale commodity prices and the advantages expected from the Ottawa agreements, will enable the Australian farmer and the Australian pastoralist to face the future with greater confidence than it has been possible for them to feel at any time during the past two years.

The Budget provides for the complete abolition of all the import prohibitions which were imposed by the Scullin Government to correct the balance of trade, but are no longer regarded as necessary in view of the improved situation. A long list of articles used in the agricultural, pastoral, dairying, and mining industries is exempted both from Primate Duties, and from the Sales Tax. The special additional duty of half the ordinary duty is removed from a further list of articles; and, on the recommendation of the Tariff Board, a new tariff schedule is being introduced lowering the duties on a great number of imports, including several descriptions of textile goods, machinery of different kinds, and electrical apparatus. Further revisions of the tariff are promised as the Tariff Board makes additional reports, and these are independent of the schedule of new duties in fulfillment of the Ottawa agreements, which will be submitted to the Commonwealth Parliament as soon as possible after the Minister of Customs returns from Canada. The Melbourne Argus, commenting on the reductions now made, says that, taken together with the concessions promised to the Dominions in the British market, they show that a good beginning has been made in placing rural production on a sound footing. Many of these reductions, and still more those that will be made under the Ottawa schedules, should be of great assistance to the British manufacturer. Mr. Lyons is, however, candid in his warning against too great optimism in this respect. It is impossible, he points out, for Australia to import more than is represented by the balance of her exports over the debt and other charges she has to meet in London. That, in the long run, is quite true. Any excess over this balance would only mean that she was getting deeper into instead of out of debt. But it is not the whole truth. The more Great Britain sells to Australia the more she will be able to buy, and the more she buys from Australia the greater will be Australia's capacity to buy from her. The progressive removal of the barriers erected against British trade in Australia may be expected to stimulate trade in both directions, especially now that, under the Ottawa agreements, effective steps are being taken to direct trade into inter-Empire channels. The credit and the good will which Australia enjoys in London have been greatly enhanced by the courage with which she has faced her difficulties and by the sacrifices some of them far from easy sacrifices which she has made to keep her creditors. It is, however, realized, moreover, that the catastrophic fall in the prices of her staple commodities has in-

creased the burden of her fixed debt charges almost beyond bearing, and that, in common equity, assistance must be given to every effort to reduce them by legitimate means. Authoritative financial opinion is now far readier than it once was to take into consideration the effect of financial operations upon trade and industry, and it cannot fail to recognize that every reduction of the fixed interest charges which Australia has to meet in London is likely to be reflected in an increase in British exports to the Commonwealth and in a corresponding benefit to British industry. Australia has still a hard road to travel and privation still to endure. She will not fully regain her former prosperity until, by co-operative international effort, the trade and prosperity of the whole world have been restored. But it is already possible to say with confidence that the worst of her troubles are over and that the reward of her labours and of her sacrifices is now within sight.

News In Brief.

Paymaster-Lieutenant S. G. H. Leyh, R.N.R., has been appointed to H.M.S. Hermes for training.

While alighting from a tramcar in Des Voeux Road, near Eastern Street, a Chinese boy, aged 12, fell and injured his head. He was removed to hospital for treatment.

The Postmaster-General announces the afternoon service to Macau, which has been out of operation for some considerable time, has been resumed to-day.

A Chinese woman was knocked down by a P.W.D. motor lorry in Queen's Road West yesterday. She sustained injuries to her right leg and was sent to the Government Civil Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Leyh will leave Penang for Hong Kong on the s.s. Sarpedon on November 3 and return in the s.s. Corfu, arriving in Penang on November 26. Mr. W. Gordon, Head of the Preventive Service, Penang, will take charge of the Government Monopolies Department, during Mr. Leyh's absence.

Personal Pairs.

Mrs. G. S. Mackinnon arrived in the Colony yesterday on the s.s. Nellore from Sydney after travelling via Japan.

Mr. C. F. Gee was among the passengers disembarking here from the s.s. Nellore yesterday. He embarked at Kobe.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.

Yesterday's Lesson Sermon.

"Everlasting Punishment" was the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, October 30.

The Golden Text was: "Woe to the rebellious children" saith the Lord, "that take counsel, but not of me; and that cover with a covering, but not of my spirit, that they may add sin to sin" (Isa. 30: 1.)

Among the citations which comprised the Lesson-Sermon was the following from the Bible: "My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction: For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth" (Prov. 3: 11, 12.)

The Lesson-Sermon also included the following passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "Through the wholesome chastenments of Love, we are helped onward in the march towards righteousness, peace, and purity, which are the landmarks of Science" (P. 323: 6-8.)

SHANGHAI FARMER SENT TO GAOL.

A Shanghai Chinese unemployed

farmer was sentenced to four months' hard labour by Mr. Scholten in the Central Police Court

this morning, on a charge of as-

saulting another Shanghai man.

The complainant received a cut

over the left eye and four other

cuts on his head, arm and thigh.

The defendant, who was bound

over early this month, was ordered

to forfeit his bond of \$50 or under

to go in further term of six weeks

and to pay \$50 out of the

sum of compensation to the com-

plainant.

In addition to this, the Re-

publican Party organization back-

to November 4.—Reuters.

American Princess Assists Hoover

Calls Roosevelt Scion To Fight Democrats

FORMER SENATOR INDICTED

ing President Hoover's bid for another term of office is determined to keep things active by all possible means to ensure Mr. Hoover's election.

Mr. Hoover himself seems determined to fight the depression on the same lines as an engineer would tackle a difficult bridge-building problem. He has called a meeting of business and industrial leaders at Washington to "organise a concerted programme of action along the entire business front." Specifically, the conference will survey the problems of extended credit to business, industry and agriculture, and enabling people to buy.

Wall Street has been amazed by the turn for the better, and some traders who are trying to sell short, expecting a fall, have been badly caught. Nevertheless, expert observers say that the market has been going stronger than warranted by basic conditions. Therefore they look for a temporary lull without a much greater advance, and will be pleased if the market holds the present level of prices.

Mr. Hoover himself is staking everything on keeping commodity prices up until the election. It has been noted frequently that Wall Street had the habit of losing strength every time Mr. Hoover made an optimistic speech. Mr. Hoover is most sensitive about such matters, and finally became obsessed that he was the victim of a political plot. He sent out investigators several times, and when the market fell recently after his speech accepted the Presidential nomination to New York to investigate whether there was any political chicanery or if some traders were "selling short."

Of course, nothing of the kind occurred, his speech merely having been discounted in advance.

A Breathing Spell.

Well Street is now about to take a breathing spell, and it is not likely that there will be any real advance until there is an artificial spurt about a week before election day early in November.

Certain specialties, however, will attract a following for special reasons. The action of the directors of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in declaring their usual quarterly dividend indicates that the nine dollar annual dividend will certainly be paid this year, and, if business conditions do not get markedly worse, probably all next year.

The American Telephone and Telegraph concern has more than 240,000,000 dollars (\$48,000,000) in cash reserve.

It must not be forgotten that two great fiscal problems before the American people are still unsolved. These are the satisfactory settlement of "foreign debts" and the inevitable scaling down of the domestic debt structure, including farm mortgages and apartment house construction loans, as well as the tremendous bonded debt of the American railroads.

Many economists believe, as a matter of fact, that the Government, through its present system of making advances to the railroads, is in fact purchasing the railroads, and that eventually the American people will discover, to their surprise, that they are the greatest owners of railroads and certain other public utilities in the world.

In addition to this, the Republican Party organization back to November 4.—Reuters.

H.M.S. FALMOUTH DAMAGED.

London, Yesterday. H.M.S. Falmouth, recently completed to replace the ill-fated Peterfield, which struck a rock and sank, north of Foochow, in December 1931, made an auspicious maiden voyage to-day.

While coming out of dock at Dartmouth the vessel fouled the wall of the basin and stove in the stern plates. She was immediately re-docked for repairs which are expected to take several weeks.

The Falmouth was originally intended to sail for the Far East on November 4.—Reuters.

"STRAW VOTE"
GIVES VICTORY
TO ROOSEVELT

National Canvass In
U.S. Election.

DEMOCRATS HEARTENED.

New York. — The semi-final count of the Literary Digest's straw vote on the presidential race showed Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York leading President Hoover by practically the same ratio as a week ago.

Out of a total of 2,933,600 votes polled, the President had 1,095,274 and his Democratic opponent 1,848,237. Norman Thomas the Socialist candidate, had 141,992 votes.

The percentages were: Roosevelt, 56.19; Hoover 37.33; Thomas 4.4.

A week ago Roosevelt had 56.30 per cent of the vote and Hoover 37.19, showing a very slight relative gain for the President.

President Hoover continued to lead in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jersey while Roosevelt held a lead in the remainder of the states.

Probable Choice.

Mr. John W. Davis, former ambassador to Great Britain, is the most probable choice for Secretary of State in the event of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt's success in the presidential campaign, according to current expectation in international legal circles here.

Mr. Newton D. Baker, secretary of war in the Wilson cabinet and now practising law at Cleveland, is regarded as extremely well-qualified for the secretaryship and strong representations on his behalf are anticipated. Mr. Baker is considered to have been one of the ablest members of the Wilson cabinet, and "insiders" say that he had a very prominent part in discussions of international policy during the World War.

Mr. Polk Qualified.

Mr. Frank L. Polk, formerly Under-Secretary of State and for a time acting-Secretary, now practising law in New York, is regarded as well-qualified for consideration in the event that Mr. Davis and Mr. Baker are required for other posts, but does not have extensive political support.

The "edge" given Mr. Davis in advance speculation rests upon his national and international prestige as diplomat and attorney, and the belief that his appointment would command high confidence at home and abroad. Mr. Baker likewise has highest prestige among his colleagues of the legal fraternity.

Demonstrations of Democratic strength, enhancing party prospects for success in the national elections of November, released a flood of speculation here concerning the possible composition of the next cabinet if Governor Roosevelt occupies the White House after March 4.

Lacks Honesty.

Washington. — Speaker of the House John N. Garner struck back at President Herbert Hoover's defense of government finances.

The Democratic vice-presidential candidate "charged that the President 'lacked honesty and practiced deception.'

Mr. Hoover, Mr. Garner declared, cannot explain away the record of the futility of his measures to relieve the depression.

He charged that the administration increased the cost of government by \$1,200,000,000 in the last two years.

**PLANES TO ASSIST
19TH ROUTE ARMY.**

Pursuing Enemy In
Fukien Forests.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Canton, Oct. 29. — General Chan Chai-tong has received a cable from General Chiang Kiang-wei, of the 19th Route Army, requesting the loan of ten aeroplanes to assist the army in driving the Reds from the forests of Fukien.

In compliance with the General's request, ten planes are expected to leave Canton for Fukien within the next few days.

The 19th Route Army is engaged in disbanding all armed forces in Fukien.

**CHURCH CELEBRATE
FEAST OF KINGSHIP.**

Special Music At
St. Joseph's Service.

The feast of the Kingship of Christ, which is an important observation in the Roman Catholic calendar, was held yesterday in traditional manner by the Catholic community in the Colony. Special services were held in all their churches.

At the Cathedral at Caine Road, High Pontifical Mass was celebrated in the morning, at which Bishop Valtorta officiated, assisted by members of the clergy and the Cathedral Choir. In the afternoon, hundreds of Catholics participated in a solemn procession in the compound of the Cathedral in which a statue of Christ was borne along to the accompaniment of music and ritual.

The Procession of the Blessed Sacrament was followed by Benediction in the Cathedral.

The morning service at St. Joseph's Church was featured by special music, which was relayed over the radio.

**MISSIONARY
MURDERED.**

Tragic Death Of
An American.

Shanghai. Yesterday. — An American missionary, Bert Nelson, who was captured by Communist bandits recently, was murdered at Macheng Hupeh, on October 23, according to despatches from Peiping.

Driven from their usual lair in the Ching-Ping districts, the bandits, holding Rev. Nelson, occupied Macheng after the walls of the city had been levelled by an earthquake, and finding themselves hemmed in by the advance of Government troops, shot their captive.

Rev. Nelson had been employed to teach English during his captivity. The bandits had made abortive demands for ransom, including large supplies of arms, ammunition, medical supplies, gramophones, pianos, wireless sets, and a variety of other luxuries. — Reuter.

**BRUTAL ATTACK
REPORTED.**

Chinese Victimized
By "Friend."

Bleeding profusely from dagger wounds, Shiu Sau-san, 25, was found by Sergt. Hughes near Chai Wan Gap in the New Territories yesterday afternoon.

Shiu told the Police that he was out of work, and his position in Sai Wan Hoi village was becoming untenable. A man he had known invited him to come to Chai Wan where work was to be found.

Shiu took \$30, all he had, and the pair set out. They were not far from their destination when Shiu's "friend" attacked him with a piece of wood, striking him on the head.

Drawing a dagger he stabbed Shiu in the thigh. While he held up his arm to protect his face he received an incised wound on his right hand and a vicious slash on the cheek.

Here he was found an hour later by Sergeant Hughes who rendered first aid and sent him to hospital. The \$30 was missing.

**FAMOUS SOLDIER
PASSES AWAY.**

Lord Methuen Was
Boer War Veteran.

London. Yesterday. — Lord Methuen, British Field Marshal, died to-day. — Reuter.

Paul Sanford Methuen, British Field Marshal and 3rd Baron Methuen, was born at Nynehead in 1845, and educated at Eton. At 19 he received a commission in the Scots Guards and in 1873 was sent to the Gold Coast on special service, taking part in the expedition under Wolseley against the Ashantis. Promoted Brigade-Major of the Guards, he was Assistant Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland in 1877, and then for four years Military Attaché in Berlin. Thence he went to Egypt in connexion with Arabi Pasha's rebellion, being present at the battles of Kaassassin and Tel-el-Kebir and being made Commandant of Headquarters.

He subsequently served in many other campaigns and was made Field Marshal in 1912.

**TWO KILLED
IN GERMANY
PARTY RIOTS**

Communists Clash
With Socialists.

FASCIST ANNIVERSARY.

Berlin, Oct. 20. — Bloody clashes between National Socialists and Communists resulting in two deaths and injuries to nearly a score of persons, occurred to-day as the new election campaign gained momentum following a comparatively long period of political tranquility.

With the balloting, the fifth to be held this year, just three weeks away, there were other significant developments in the attempt to reach a basis for the restoration of Parliamentary government.

At Coburg honorary citizenship was conferred on Herr Adolf Hitler at a ceremony held in the municipal stadium which was thronged with Nazi Brown Shirts and townsmen for the commemoration of the first Nazi demonstration here ten years ago, coincident with Mussolini's march on Rome.

At Paderborn, Chancellor Franz von Papen, addressing the United Business leagues, outlined Germany's programme for the forthcoming world economic conference. He asserted that the creditor nations could only reckon upon payment of Germany's foreign debts if they were prepared to accept Germany's goods in payment.

He added that this meant the creditor nations must open their frontiers to German goods.

Dortmund Outbreak.

The worst of the outbreaks of violence occurred at Dortmund where two persons were killed and twelve seriously wounded in clashes between Hitler's followers and Communists. The trouble started when 400 uniformed Nazis on a propaganda march through a working class district were met by a stone barrage laid down by Communists.

Here in Berlin street fighting resulted in serious injuries to three persons, and the arrest of 25 Communists, Nazis and others were involved.

The forthcoming election, scheduled for November 6, will be the forty-fifth general balloting in Germany since 1926 as well as the fifth this year. The leaders of virtually none of the rival political parties favoured calling it, but there was no alternative under the constitution when Chancellor Von Papen declared the Reichstag dissolved early in September.

The campaign thus far has lacked some of the bitter feeling in evidence before the July 31 parliamentary voting. In three weeks before that election more than 120 persons were killed chiefly in fighting between Nazis and Communists.

Papers Suppressed.

Cologne, Oct. 16.

Rhineland officials, to-day suppressed all Nazi newspapers in the province for five days on charges of ridiculing the Reich Government.

Nine newspapers were affected.

**KREUGER LEFT
LARGE GIFTS
TO RELATIVES**

(Continued from Page 1.)

A scrap of paper was produced in court during the trial of the Krueger auditors. This proved to be a page from Krueger's diary and it contained notes of gifts to be made to his relatives. To

Ernst Krueger, his father, and Torsten, his brother, he left great estates. By February 20 Ivar Krueger learned that his position was definitely hopeless. He released his employees and wrote to his friends and relatives bidding them farewell. That same day he ordered the transfer of \$180,000 in Greek securities to his brother's name. He telephoned a broker in Stockholm at three in the morning to order a transfer of another \$100,000 to his brother. These transactions were carried out.

When he reached Paris, on what some consider his flight from the law, Ivar Krueger considered his position and apparently decided his downfall was too hard to bear. He shot himself in the luxurious apartment of a Paris hotel.

In compliance with the General's request, ten planes are expected to leave Canton for Fukien within the next few days.

The 19th Route Army is engaged in disbanding all armed forces in Fukien.

Our Daily Short Story.

TELEMACHUS, FRIEND

by O. Henry

RETURNING from a hunting trip, I waited at a little town of Los Pinos, in New Mexico, for the south-bound train, which was one hour late. I sat on the porch of the Summit House and discussed the functions of life with Telemachus Hicks, the hotel proprietor.

Perceiving that personalities were not out of order, I asked him what species of beast had long ago twisted and mutilated his Jeff ear. Being a hunter, I was concerned in the evils that may befall one in the pursuit of game.

"The ear," said Hicks, "is the relic of true friendship."

"An accident?" I persisted.

"No, friendship is an accident," said Telemachus; and I was silent.

"The only perfect case of true friendship I ever knew," went on my host, "was a cordial intent between a Connecticut man and a monkey. The monkey climbed palms in Barranquilla and threw down coconuts to the man. The man sawed them in two and made dippers, which he sold for two reales each and bought rum. The monkey drank the milk of the nuts. Through each being satisfied with his own share of the graft, they lived like brothers."

"But in the case of human beings friendship is a transitory art, subject to discontinuance without further notice."

"I had a friend once, of the entitlement of Paisley Fish, that I imagined was sealed to me for an endless space of time. Side by side for seven years we had mined, rambled, sold patent churns, herd and sheep, took photographs and other things, built wire fences and picked prunes. Thinks I, neither homicide nor flattery nor riches nor sophistry nor drink can make trouble between me and Paisley Fish. We was friends in business, and we let our amicable qualities lap over and season our hours of recreation and folly. We certainly had days of Damon and nights of Pythias."

The Meeting with Widow Jessup.

"One summer me and Paisley gallops down into these San Andres mountains for the purpose of a month's surcease and levity, dressed in the natural store habiliments of man." We hit this town of Los Pinos, which certainly was a roof-garden spot of the world, and flowing with condensed milk and honey. It had a street or two, and air, and hens, and a eating-house; and that was enough for us.

"We strike the town after supper-time, and we concludes to sample whatever efficacy there is in this eating-house down by the railroad tracks. By the time we had set down and pried up our plates with a knife from the red oil-cloth, along intrudes Widow Jessup with the hot biscuit and the fried liver.

"Now, there was a woman that would have tempted an anchovy to forget his vows. She was not so small as she was large; and a kind of welcome air seemed to mitigate her vicinity. The pink of her face was the in hoc signo of a culinary temper and a warm disposition; and her smile would have brought out the dogwood blossoms in December.

"Widow Jessup talks to us a lot of garrulosity about the climate and history and Tennyson and prunes and the scarcity of mutton, and finally wants to know where we came from.

"Spring Valley," says I:

"Big Spring Valley," chips in Paisley, out of a lot of potatoes and knuckle-bone of ham in his mouth.

"That was the first sign I noticed that the old fidus Diogenes business between me and Paisley Fish was ended for ever. He knew how I hated a talkative person, and yet he stampedes into the conversation with his amendments and addendums of syntax. On the map it was Big Spring Valley; but I had heard Paisley himself call it Spring Valley a thousand times.

"Without saying any more, we went out after supper and set on the railroad track. We had been partners too long not to know what was going on in each other's mind.

"I reckon you understand," says Paisley, "that I've made up my

(Continued on Page 10.)



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at 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.30 P.M.

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TO-MORROW, NOVEMBER FIRST

UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT

RKO-RADIO'S GREATEST WONDER SHOW OF THE

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A JUGGERNAUT OF THRILLS

COME! SEE! WONDER! *Show of the Scenes With an Air Show in the MARTINI... Hollywood Gave Its Magic Soul to Make This Picture... Max Dared Death! Directors Dream Miracles! Cameramen Risked All... To Give You the Supreme Thrill... Superstition Novelty of the Hour!*

ALL GLORY TO THE DEVIL-HAUL-CAVE WINGNEN WHOSE HEROIC DARING AND COURAGE HELPED MAKE THIS THE 'PICTURE WITHIN A PICTURE!'

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ASTON VILLA LOSE BIRMINGHAM "DERBY" 3 TO 1

London, Saturday.

English League.

FIRST DIVISION

Arsenal	8	Leicester	2	Pts.
Birmingham	8	Middlesb.	1	20
Blackburn	3	Sheffield U.	1	19
Blackpool	4	Chelsea	0	17
Derby	2	Huddersfield	3	16
Everton	1	Plymouth	1	15
Leeds	2	Wolves	0	15
Manchester C.	1	Liverpool	1	15
Wednesday	2	Newcastle	0	14
Sunderland	7	Bolton	4	14
West Bromwich	3	Aston Villa	1	13

TABLE TO DATE

P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Arsenal	12	9	1	20
Aston Villa	12	8	1	19
Derby	12	7	2	17
West Bromwich	12	7	3	16
Plymouth	12	6	3	15
Huddersfield	12	6	3	15
Newcastle	11	6	3	14
Leeds	12	5	2	14
Wednesday	12	6	4	14
Everton	12	5	5	13
Sunderland	12	5	5	13
Bolton	12	5	6	13
Liverpool	12	4	5	13
Blackburn	12	3	4	12
Birmingham	12	4	6	12
Chelsea	12	4	6	12
Sheffield U.	12	2	6	11
Blackpool	12	4	8	10
Middlesb.	12	3	6	10
Leicester	12	1	7	4
Wolves	11	2	8	1

TABLE TO DATE

P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Bradford C.	2	Notts F.	2	3
Bury	3	Oldham	1	2
Chesterfield	1	Plymouth	1	2
Fulham	5	Bradford	1	2
Lincoln	2	Preston	1	2
Millwall	1	Tottenham	4	2
Notts C.	3	Stoke	4	2
Port Vale	3	Manchester U.	8	0
Southampton	3	Grimbsy	0	0
Swansea	2	Charlton	0	0
West Ham	4	Burnley	4	0

TABLE TO DATE

P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Bath	6	Harlequins	6	19
Blackheath	18	Old Alley	0	17
Bridgewater	0	Plymouth A.	12	15
Coventry	38	Richmond	0	15
Leicester	6	Gloucester	3	14
Ulster	9	Yorkshire	12	13
Portsmouth S.	5	Bristol	12	12

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The following were the results of the leading Rugby Union games played to-day:

P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Bath	6	Harlequins	6	19
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Bridgewater	0	Plymouth A.	12	15
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Bridgewater	0	Plymouth A.	12	15
Coventry	38	Richmond	0	15
Leicester	6	Gloucester	3	14
Ulster	9	Yorkshire	12	13
Portsmouth S.	5	Bristol	12	12

The following were the results of the leading Rugby Union games played to-day:

P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
Bath	6	Harlequins	6	19
Blackheath	18	Old Alley	0	17
Bridgewater	0	Plymouth A.	12	15
Coventry	38	Richmond	0	15
Leicester	6	Gloucester	3	14
Ulster	9	Yorkshire	12	13
Portsmouth S.	5	Bristol	12	12

The following were the results of the leading Rugby Union games played to-day:

P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.

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SAN FRANCISCO via Shanghai, Japan Ports and Honolulu.
ASA MARU Wednesday, 2nd November.
TAIYU MARU Tuesday, 15th November.
CHICHIBU MARU Wednesday, 30th November.

SEATTLE & VANCOUVER.

HEIAN MARU (starts from Kobe) Saturday, 19th November.
LONDON, MARSEILLES, ANTWERP & ROTTERDAM via
Singapore, Penang, Colombo & Suez.

TERUKUNI MARU Friday, 11th November.
HAKUSAN MARU Saturday, 26th November.

SYDNEY & MELBOURNE via Manila & Porta.

KITANO MARU Saturday, 26th November.

MANILA.
TAIYU MARU Monday, 7th November.

BOMBAY via Singapore, Penang, & Colombo.

GINYO MARU Saturday, 12th November.

SOUTH AMERICA (West Coast) via Japan, Honolulu,
Los Angeles, Mexico and Panama.

BOKUYO MARU Tuesday, 6th December.

NEW YORK, BOSTON via Panama.

LIVERPOOL via Port Said, Genoa & Valencia.

TOYOKA MARU (calls Saigon) Monday, 14th November.

CALCUTTA via Singapore, Penang & Rangoon.

MURORAN MARU Tuesday, 8th November.

SHANGHAI, KOBE & YOKOHAMA.

YAMAGATA MARU Saturday, 5th November.

BENGAL MARU Sunday, 6th November.

KATORI MARU Saturday, 12th November.

[†]Cargo only.

For further information apply to:—NIPPON YUSEN KAISHA

Telephone 30291. (Private exchange to all departments.)

"Telemachus, Friend"

(Continued From Page 7)

wind out of the mountains was on a fence looking at him? He pretends he hasn't got a thing in his hand, and that the cat don't see him, and that he don't see the cat. That's the idea. Never drag her hand out where she'll have to take notice of it. Don't let her know that you think she knows you have the least idea she is aware you are holding her hand. That was my rule of tactics; and as far as Paisley's serenade about hostilities and misadventure went, he might as well have been reading to her a time-table of the Sunday trains that stop at Ocean Grove, New Jersey.

"One night when I beat Paisley to the bench by one pipeful, my friendship gets subsidised for a minute, and I asks Mrs. Jessup if she didn't think a 'H' was easier to write than a 'J.' In a second her head was mashing the oleander flower in my buttonhole, and I leaned over and—but I didn't.

"If you don't mind," says I, standing up, "I'll wait for Paisley to come before finishing this. I've never done anything dishonourable yet to our friendship, and this won't be quite fair."

"Mr. Hicks," says Mrs. Jessup, looking at me peculiar in the dark, "if it wasn't for but one thing, I'd ask you to hike yourself down the gulch and never disresume your visits to my house."

"And what is that, ma'am?" I asks.

"You are too good a friend not to make a good husband," says she. "In five minutes Paisley was on his side of Mrs. Jessup.

"In Silver City, in the summer of '98," he begins, "I see Jim Bartholomew chew off a Chinaman's ear in the Blue Light Saloon on account of a cross-barred muslin shirt that—what was that noise?"

Plaintive Appeal from the Beach.

"I had resumed matters again with Mrs. Jessup right where we had left off.

"Mrs. Jessup," says I, "has promised to make it Hicks. And this is another of the same sort."

"Paisley winds his feet around a leg of the bench and kind of groans.

"Lem," says he, "we been friends for seven years. Would you mind not kissing Mrs. Jessup quite so loud? I'd do the same for you."

"All right," says I. "The other kind will do as well."

"This Chinaman," goes on Paisley, "was the one that shot a man named Mullins in the spring of '97, and that was—"

"Paisley interrupted himself again.

"Lem," says he, "if you was a true friend you wouldn't hug Mrs. Jessup quite so hard. I felt the bench shake all over just then. You know you told me you would give me an even chance as long as there was any."

"Mr. Man," says Mrs. Jessup, turning around to Paisley, "if you was to drop in to the celebration of mine and Mr. Hicks's silver wedding, twenty-five years from now, do you think you could get it into that Hubbard squash you call your head that you are 'mix cum rous' in this business? I've put up with you a long time because you was Mr. Hicks's friend; but it seems to me it's time for you to wear the willow and trot off down the hill."

"Mrs. Jessup," says I, "without losing my grasp on the situation as it stands, I'll act square and on the level with him, and he was proud to call me a friend."

"The preacher had a small house on the side of the street that he'd fixed up to rent; and he allowed me and Mrs. Hicks to occupy it till the ten-forty train the next morning, when we was going on a bridal tour to El Paso. His wife had decorated it all up with hollyhocks and poison ivy, and it looked real festal and bowery."

"About ten o'clock that night I sets down in the front door and pulls off my boots a while in the cool breeze, while Mr. Hicks was fixing around in the room. Right soon the light went out inside; and I sat there a while reverberating over old times and scenes. And then I heard Mrs. Hicks call out, 'Ain't you coming in soon, Lem?'"

"Well, well," says I kind of rousing up. "Durn me if I wasn't waiting for old Paisley."

"But when I got this far, I'd rather not go back again," I thought, "and I thought that the only way to get rid of him was to get him drunk."

"I waited till Paisley got sloshed up the ninth, putting on a calm as the ocean, till I thought that the only way to get rid of him was to get him drunk."

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CONSIGNEES' NOTICE.
THE BEN LINE STEAMERS,
LIMITED.

From LILLE, MIDDLESEBRO,
ANTWERP, LONDON
AND STRAITS.

The Steamship

"BENREOCH"

Consignees of cargo are hereby informed that all goods are being landed at their risk into the hazardous and/or extra hazardous Godowns of The Hong Kong & Kowloon Wharf and Godown Co., Ltd., whence and/or from the wharves delivery may be obtained. No claims will be admitted after the 1st November, 1932, will be subject to rent.

All claims against the steamer must be presented to the Undersigned on or before the 15th November, 1932, or they will not be recognized.

All broken, clapped, and damaged Goods are to be left in the Godowns, where they will be examined on the 1st October, 1932, at 10 a.m. by Messrs. Goddard & Douglass.

To comply with the General Bonded Warehouse Regulations consignees must have a Revenue Officer in attendance when damaged dutiable goods are examined.

No Fire Insurance has been effected.

Bills of Lading will be countersigned by GIBB, LIVINGSTON & CO., LTD., Agents.

Hong Kong, 25th October, 1932.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1932.

FRIDAY, 6 A.M.
NOVEMBER 4TH.

sailing for
Victoria & Vancouver
via
Shanghai—Kobe—Yokohama
one of the

BIG 4

"EMPERESS OF ASIA"

	Hong Kong	Shanghai	Nagasaki	Kobe	Yokohama	Rosoulu	Vancouver	Victoria
	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Leave	Leave	Leave	Leave	Arrive
Emp. of Asia	Nov. 4 Nov.	6 Nov.	8 Nov.	10 Nov.	12 Nov.	14 Nov.	16 Nov.	21 Nov.
Emp. of Canada	Nov. 18 Nov.	20 Nov.	22 Nov.	25 Dec.	1 Dec.	3 Dec.	6 Dec.	19 Dec.
Emp. of Russia	Dec. 2 Dec.	4 Dec.	6 Dec.	8 Dec.	10 Dec.	12 Dec.	15 Dec.	19 Dec.
Emp. of Japan	Dec. 16 Dec.	18 Dec.	20 Dec.	22 Dec.	24 Dec.	26 Dec.	28 Dec.	31 Dec.
Emp. of Asia	Dec. 30 Jan.	1 Jan.	3 Jan.	5 Jan.	7 Jan.	9 Jan.	11 Jan.	15 Jan.
Emp. of Canada	Feb. 1 Feb.	3 Feb.	5 Feb.	7 Feb.	9 Feb.	11 Feb.	13 Feb.	16 Feb.
Emp. of Russia	Feb. 17 Feb.	19 Feb.	21 Feb.	23 Feb.	25 Feb.	27 Feb.	29 Feb.	1 Mar.
Emp. of Japan	Mar. 2 Mar.	4 Mar.	6 Mar.	8 Mar.	10 Mar.	12 Mar.	14 Mar.	16 Mar.
Emp. of Asia	Mar. 17 Mar.	19 Mar.	21 Mar.	23 Mar.	25 Mar.	27 Mar.	29 Mar.	31 Mar.
Emp. of Canada	Mar. 24 Mar.	26 Mar.	28 Mar.	30 Mar.	31 Mar.	1 Apr.	3 Apr.	5 Apr.
Emp. of Russia	Apr. 7 Apr.	9 Apr.	11 Apr.	13 Apr.	15 Apr.	17 Apr.	19 Apr.	21 Apr.
Emp. of Japan	Apr. 21 Apr.	23 Apr.	25 Apr.	27 Apr.	29 Apr.	30 Apr.	1 May.	3 May.
Emp. of Asia	May 6 May.	7 May.	9 May.	11 May.	13 May.	15 May.	17 May.	19 May.
Emp. of Canada	May 18 May.	21 May.	24 May.	26 May.	28 May.	30 May.	1 June.	3 June.
Emp. of Russia	June 2 June.	4 June.	6 June.	8 June.	10 June.	12 June.	14 June.	16 June.
Emp. of Japan	June 16 June.	18 June.	20 June.	22 June.	24 June.	26 June.	28 June.	30 June.

ASK FOR OUR
NEW LOW FARES
TO EUROPE.

**CANADIAN
PACIFIC**

Telephones: Passenger Dept. 22752. Freight 20042.

LONDON SERVICE.

"PHILOCTETES" 2nd Nov. For Casablanca, London, B'dam

"IDOMENUS" 9th Nov. For Miles, L'don, B'dam & Hamburg

LIVERPOOL SERVICE.

"KEEMUN" 14th Dec. For Gees, Liverpool and Havre

NEW YORK SERVICE.

"BEHEKNO" 11th Nov. For Boston, New York and Baltimore

Philippines, Port Swettenham and Singapore

PACIFIC SERVICE.

(via KOBE & YOKOHAMA.)

"PROTEUBLAU" 2nd Nov. For Victoria, Seattle and Vancouver

"IXION" 2nd Nov. For Victoria, Seattle and Vancouver

INWARD SERVICE.

"ACHILLES" 6th Nov. For Shanghai, Kobe & Yokohama

"MENTOR" 6th Nov. From New York

Specially reduced fares are quoted for cargo steamers with limited passenger accommodation.

For freight, passage rates and information apply to the undermentioned.

All bookings are subject to the provisions of the Company's Bill of Lading.

Butterfield & Swire,

Agents.

TRAVEL A.-O. LINE

To AUSTRALIA—Calling at Manila (P.

P. & O.-British India Apcar and Eastern & Australian Lines

(COMPANIES incorporated in ENGLAND).
MAIL AND PASSENGER STEAMERS.

TAKING CARGO FOR

STRAITS, JAVA, BURMA, CEYLON, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF,
WEST INDIES, MAURITIUS, EAST AND SOUTH AFRICA,
AUSTRALASIA, INCLUDING NEW ZEALAND AND
QUEENSLAND PORTS, AND RED SEA, EGYPT,
CONSTANTINOPLE, GREECE, LEVANTINE
PORTS, EUROPE, &c.

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL FORTNIGHTLY DIRECT ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.

(Under Contract with H.M. Government)

S.S.	Tons	From Hong Kong Aboard	Destination
			1932.
RAJPUTANA	17,000	5th Nov. Noon	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
**BANGALORE	6,500	12th Nov.	Marseilles, London, Havre, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp & Hull.
CORU	15,000	19th Nov.	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
KIDDERPORE	5,300	23rd Nov.	Straits, Colombo & Bombay.
COMORIN	15,000	3rd Dec.	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
**BHUTAN	6,000	10th Dec.	Bombay, Marseilles, London, Havre, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp & Hull.
BANPURA	17,000	17th Dec.	Bombay, Marseilles & London.
KAISAR-I-HIND	12,000	31st Dec.	Bombay, Marseilles & London.

*Cargo only. **Calls Casablanca. † Calls Karachi & Bedi Bunder

Frequent connection from Port Said for Passengers and Cargo to Constantinople, Piraeus, Smyrna and other Levant Ports by steamers of the Khedivial Mail Steamship Co.

BRITISH INDIA-APCAR SAILINGS.

S.S.	Tons	1932.	From Hong Kong Aboard	Destination
SANTHIA	8,000	14th Nov.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.	
TAKADA	7,000	28th Nov.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.	
SIRDHANA	8,000	9th Dec.	Singapore, Penang & Calcutta.	

B.I. Apcar Line steamers have excellent accommodation for 1st and 2nd class passengers.

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN SAILINGS (South).

S.S.	Tons	1932.	From Hong Kong Aboard	Destination
NELLORE	7,000	2nd Nov. 11 a.m.	Manila, Rabaul, Brisbane, Sydney & Melbourne.	
TANDA	7,000	2nd Dec.		
NANKIN	7,000	31st Dec.		

*Calls Port Holland.

Regular monthly sailings from Hong Kong to Shanghai and Japan, and Hong Kong to Australia.

Hong Kong to Sydney—19 days.

Frequent connections from Australia with the following:

The Union S.S. Company's steamers to the United Kingdom via New Zealand, Vancouver, San Francisco, etc.

The P. & O. Royal Mail Steamers to London and

The P. & O. Branch Service of steamers to London via Suez.

The New Zealand Shipping Company's steamers for Southampton and London via Panama Canal.

SAILINGS TO SHANGHAI & JAPAN.

S.S.	Tons	1932.	From Hong Kong Aboard	Destination
TAKADA	7,000	4th Nov.	Amoy, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.	
TANDA	7,000	9th Nov.	Shanghai, Kobe, Osaka & Yohama.	
COMORIN	15,000	4th Nov.	Shanghai, Kobe & Yokohama.	
RANPURA	17,000	13th Nov.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.	
SOUDAN	6,500	25th Nov.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.	
MALWA	11,000	26th Nov.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.	
KAISAR-I-HIND	12,000	2nd Dec.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.	
RANCHI	17,000	16th Dec.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.	
BURDWAN	6,500	29th Dec.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.	
CARTHAGE	14,000	30th Dec.	Shanghai, Moji, Kobe & Yokohama.	

*Cargo only. † Calls Nanyo.

All dates are approximate and subject to alteration without notice.

All dates are listed with Electric Lamp or Prime Line, except

Steamers on London and Australian lines are listed with London

and Australian lines, and with the P. & O. Branch Service of

steamers to Australia and New Zealand.

For further information, Please refer to the latest issue of the

“SAILING LIST” published monthly by the P. & O. Lines.

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HARBOUR OFFICE.

Good Freight Figures Over Week-End.

The Harbour Office reports during the week-end gave a free movement of vessels with good freights. Freights on Saturday were moderate, only the throughs reaching five figures. The total tonnage entered was 36,636.

There were eight inward registrations, of which six were British and three of four figures, while of the eight throughs, seven were British and eight of four figures. Two vessels arrived in ballast.

Passengers entered during the period included 14 Europeans and 389 Asiatic deck British vessels carrying 298 out of the total in all classes.

Details follow:

Nationality	Arr. H.Kong	Dep. Through	Cargo	Tons	Cargo	Tons
British	9	6,513	8	22,985		
Japanese	4	2,958	8	3,118		
Chinese	1	38	—	—		
Danish	—	—	1	—		
American	—	—	1	—		
Norwegian	—	—	1	—		
French	—	—	1	—		
Totals	14	9,509	20	25,803		

YESTERDAY'S FIGURES.

Port traffic was well-maintained yesterday, a total of 38,275 tons entering. There were 18 inward movements of cargo, of which 3 were British and the same number amounting to over 1,000 tons. Through cargo movements reached 11, 2 being by British vessels, and no fewer than 9 attaining majority figures. One foreign steamer passed through in ballast.

A total of 109 foreign and 928 Asiatic passengers was carried on these arrivals, over 700 travelling in British ships.

Details follow:

Nationality	Arr. H.Kong	Dep. Through	Cargo	Tons	Cargo	Tons
British	4	2,785	5	1,952		
American	1	949	1	2,018		
Japanese	2	2,952	—	893		
Danish	1	2,000	—	3,000		
Swedish	1	38	3	6,122		
Japanese	4	824	6	17,849		
Chinese	2	620	2	1,400		
German	—	—	1	—		
Totals	15	9,943	15	33,034		

HONG KONG TIDES.

The time used is Standard, or mean time of the meridian of 120 deg. E.; 00h. is midnight, 12hrs. in noon. The heights are referred to the datum of the largest scale Admiralty chart of the place and should be added to the depths given on the chart unless preceded by an asterisk (*), when they should be subtracted from the depths.

Oct. 31 to Nov. 6, 1932.

Date	High Water	Low Water	Standard Ht.	Standard Ht.
Oct. 31	11 00	5.8	04	1.2
	21	55	15	2.5
Nov. 1	12 00	5.4	05	1.0
	22	38	18	0.5
Nov. 2	13 00	5.0	08	1.0
	23	20	16	2.1
Nov. 3	14 00	4.7	16	50
	24	05	18	1.5
Nov. 4	00 00	7.7	08	1.7
	15	55	21	5.3
Nov. 5	01 00	7.3	10	3.4
	16	59	5.5	21
Nov. 6	02 00	7.0	09	3.0

(Continued on Next Column).

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR PARCEL MAILS FOR GREAT BRITAIN

Christmas and New Year Parcels Mails for Great Britain will be closed in the General Post Office at the times given and despatched by the following steamers:

Steamer	Date Closing	Date Due at London
Rajputana	5 p.m., 4th November	9th December
Bangalore	5 p.m., 11th November	18th December
Corfu	5 p.m., 18th November	23rd December

Mails can now be forwarded to Europe via Siberia.

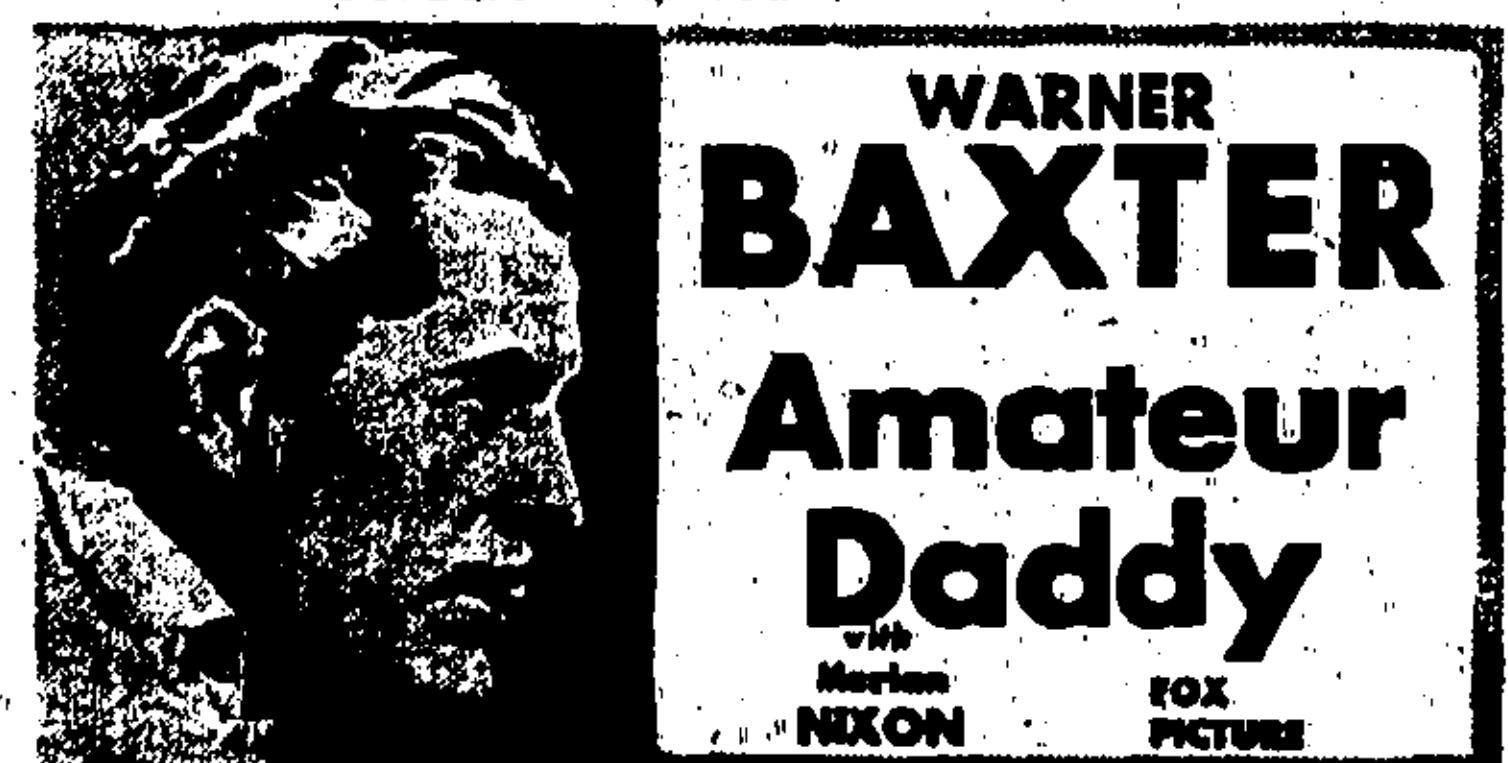
JIMMY'S KITCHEN
10, D'Aguilar St. & 42-48, Lockhart Rd., Wan Chai.
THE PLACE TO EAT.
UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF
JIMMY.
40 Years' Experience As Chef.
CONVINCE YOURSELF BY PAYING US A VISIT

KING'S THEATRE

BOOKING AT THE THEATRE SHOWING TO-DAY. AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.15 & 9.30 P.M.
Tel: 25332 & 25331.



Samuel Goldwyn presents **ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT**
EVELYN LAYE JOHN BOLES & LEON ERROL
UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE
ALSO HEARST METROTONE NEWSREEL
AND METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TALKING COMEDY
CHARLEY CHASE IN
"THUNDERING TENORS"
NEXT ATTRACTION: THURSDAY, 3rd NOVEMBER.



ORIENTAL THEATRE

FINAL SHOWINGS TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.15 & 9.30 p.m.

CRASHING HIGH HEAVEN!
DICK ARLEN AND HIS "TOUCHDOWN":

PALS LOOPING IT UP IN THE AIR! WHOOPING IT UP ON THE GROUND, FOR A MORE-THAN-FAIR PRIZE!

"SKY BRIDE"

with RICHARD ARLEN, JACK OAKIE, ROBERT COOGAN

A Paramount Picture.

TO-MORROW
TUESDAY, 1st NOVEMBER.

"THE MAN I KILLED"

with LIONEL BARRYMORE, NANCY CARROLL, PHILLIPS HOLMES.

A Paramount Picture.

MAJESTIC

TO-DAY ONLY AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.20 P.M.

Too Bored To Be Good!

She went from indiscretions to misdemeanors. And from misdemeanors to crime. Then a hand-some policeman made her fall in love and fall in love.

DISORDERLY CONDUCT

with **ANNIE TRACY BREWER**
DICKIE MOORE
Directed by John W. Considine
FOX PICTURE

The China Mail

EIGHTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

HONG KONG, MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1932.

PRATAS ISLAND RADIO STATION RESUMES DUTY

Fears Of Bad Mishaps
Are Dissipated.

SILENCED BY TYPHOON.

Communication with the Pratas Shoal radio station was established this morning by Shanghai and Manila on short wave length, thus setting at rest the fears entertained for the safety of the wireless operators who are the sole inhabitants of the lonely Shoal.

Although Hong Kong has not so far been in touch with the station, the news received in Shanghai would indicate that the long wave aerial which the Pratas station used for communication with the Colony, has been damaged by the severe typhoon which raged in the vicinity throughout Friday and Saturday. It is understood that Hong Kong is attempting to get through to Pratas on short wave length, when the reason for the two-day silence may be ascertained. The message in Shanghai contained no explanation, but was merely the acknowledgment of the morning weather report.

The Pratas wireless station is under the Nanking Government's administration, and is in charge of a Chinese naval officer.

MURDER COUNT MAY BE REDUCED.

Two Chinese Held In Praya Slaying.

Lo Chung and Lo Tok, wharf coolies, appeared on remand before Mr. Wynne-Jones in the Central Police Court this morning, when a charge of the murder of Tong Tsat, who died from injuries received during a fight on the praya on Sunday last, was handed in by Inspector J. Murphy.

Mr. H. Lo appeared for the accused, who were remanded formally for one week.

Insp. Murphy said he would have to consult Mr. Fraser, Assistant Attorney-General, who will probably prosecute for the Crown. The charge may be reduced to one of manslaughter.

HOSPITAL DRIVE FOR FUNDS.

Chairman Arranges Charity Plays.

Because of the heavy expenditures incurred by the Tung Wah Hospital, Mr. Chan Lim-pak, chairman of the institution, has laid plans for the presentation of a number of charity musical programmes, the production to be in charge of the Yan Shau Nien Players.

The plays will be given at the Ko Shing Theatre for seven days, commencing November 18.

Special permission has been granted by the Government that the programmes may continue up to 2 a.m. Sale of tickets has already been brisk.

BRILLIANT DRIVING IN RECORD ROUND

(Continued from Page 1.)

Of the early returns, for the first eighteen holes, all were above eighty. O. E. C. Martin and D. C. Wilson having the best score of 81 each, then A. B. Stewart came in a 76 followed by A. E. Lissaman with an 81.

STEWART'S LAPSE.

Stewart commenced in a brilliant manner as the result of steady play and returned a card of 35 for the first nine holes, but a 41 for the next nine forced him to concede a stroke to Budd. Martin returned a 37, only to get into difficulties over the next nine holes and return a 44 to return a card for 81.

Eagerly awaiting the return of I. W. Shewan and M. W. Budd a crowd of players gathered round the eighteenth green, and it came as no surprise when it was learned that Budd led the field for the morning round with a 75. Shewan unfortunately had been in trouble and returned a score of 88. J. K. MacFarlan, not on too good terms with his driver, had the misfortune to lose two balls, and finished with an 84. A. H. Ferguson through weak putting threw away a number of strokes on the greens and recorded a disastrous hole at the tenth where he took nine strokes, eventually completing the round in 91.

Playing steady golf Budd started off with a 4 at the first and the second and secured his three at the 3rd, and a succession of fours and a three at the seventh made him two below fours; a five at the 10th and a six at the 11th.

An interested spectator during the day was Col. Mathews, who returned from Home leave yesterday, and proceeded immediately to Fanling.

HON. HELEN TOMLIN COMING HERE.

To Wed Dr. Frank Goldby In Colony.

A wedding of much interest is to shortly take place in the Colony, when the Hon. Helen Rosa Tomlin of Clifton Place, London, will become the bride of Dr. Frank Goldby, a teacher at the Hong Kong University.

The Hon. Heled Tomlin, who is a daughter of Baron Tomlin of Ash, Lord of Appeal in Ordinary since 1929, is en route to Hong Kong on board the P. & O. liner *Comorin*, which is due to arrive on Wednesday.

TYphoon Moves West.

The weather report issued from the Royal Observatory to-day states:-

An anti-cyclone remains over N. China; the typhoon is situated about 100 miles East of South Hainan, moving westward.

A moderate to fresh monsoon will prevail along the China Coast and over the Northern China Sea.

Forecast: N.E. winds, fresh; fair.

大道
中五
四十
號A

THE GREAT CHINA TREASURE.

IF You require JADE, JEWELLERY, DIAMONDS,
PEARLS, CURIOS, IVORY, GOLD or SILVER WARE
come to us, as we are the biggest dealers and our
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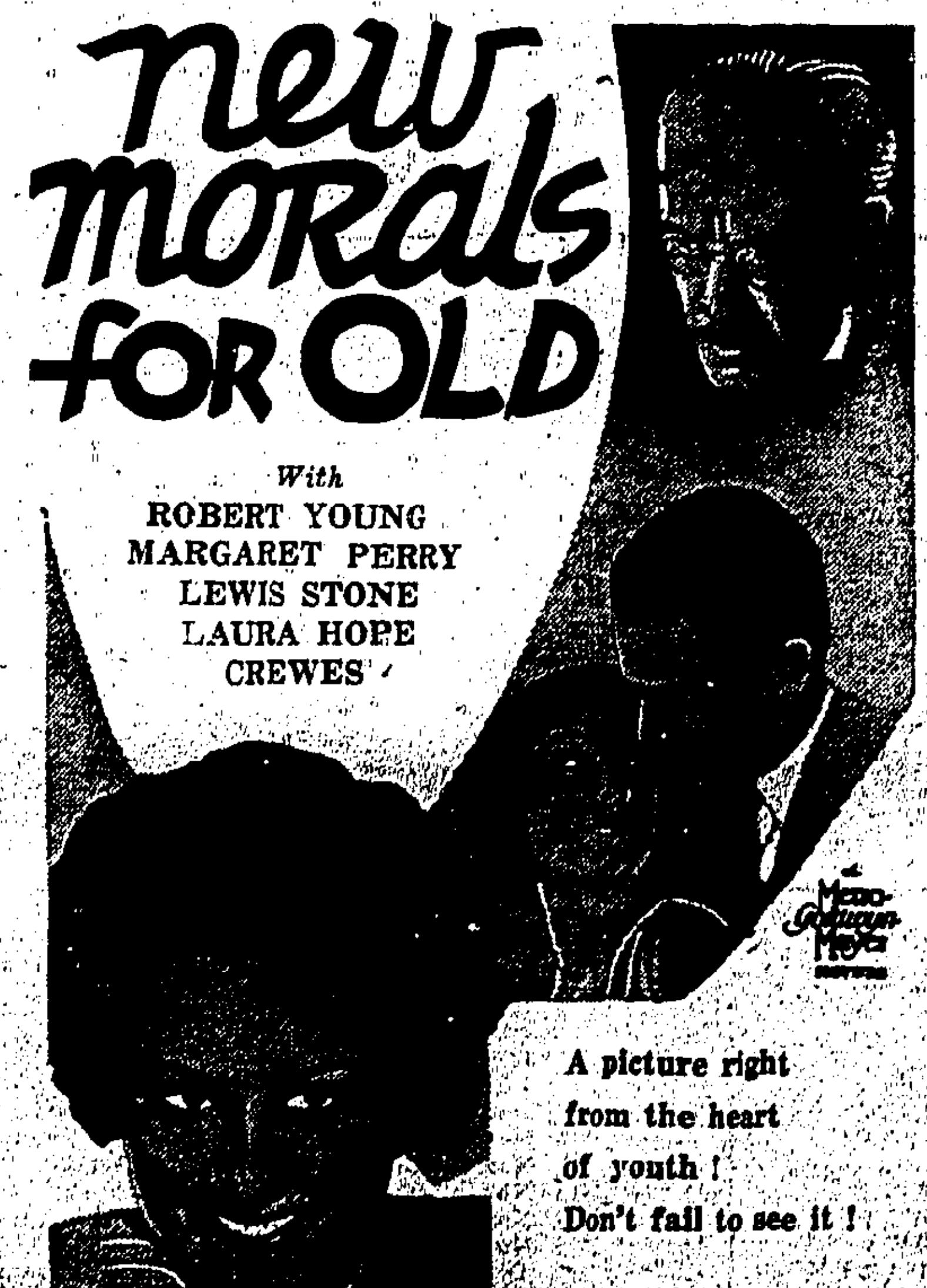
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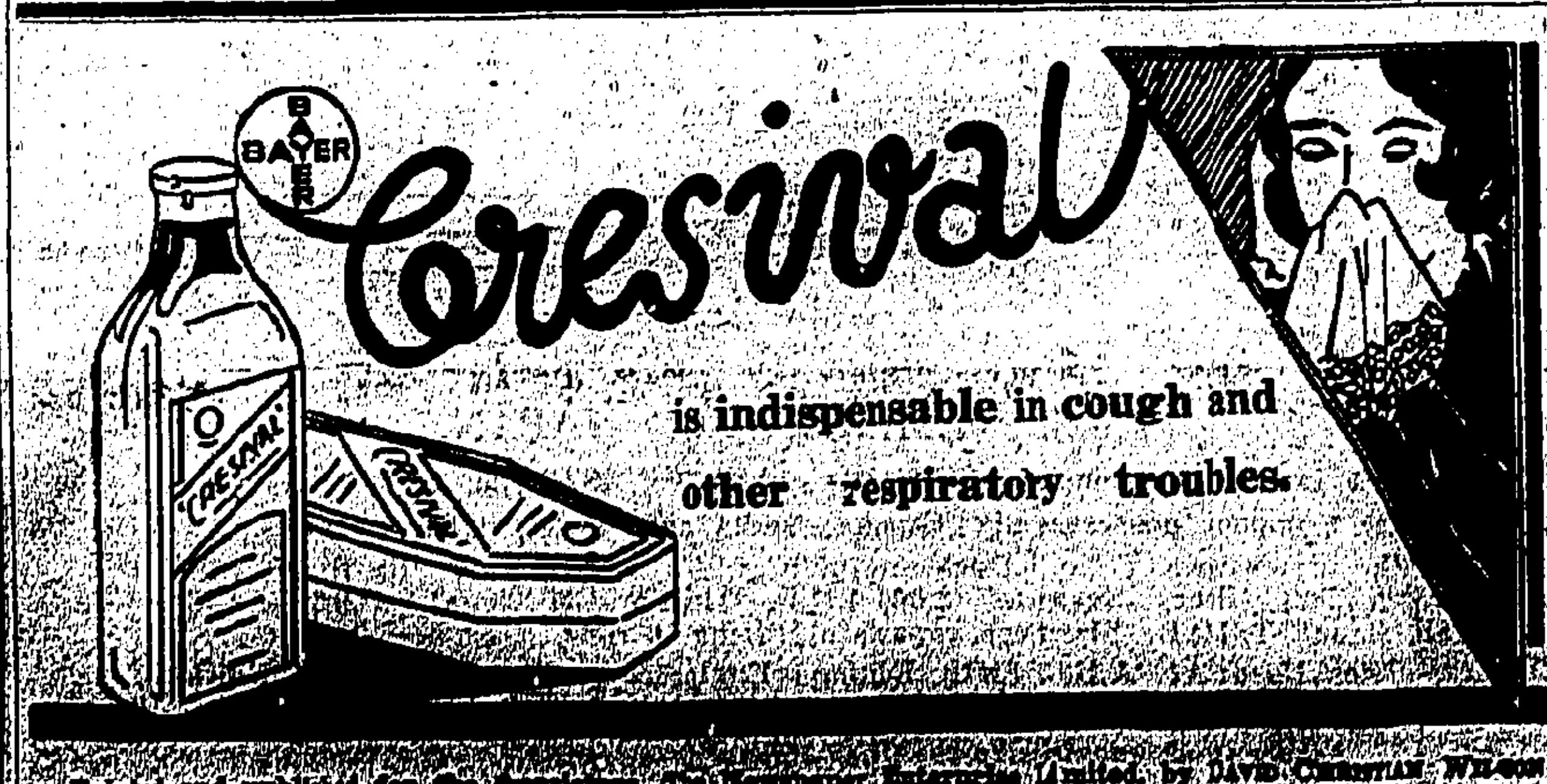
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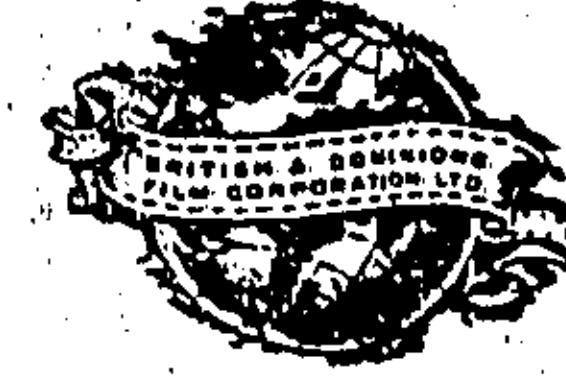
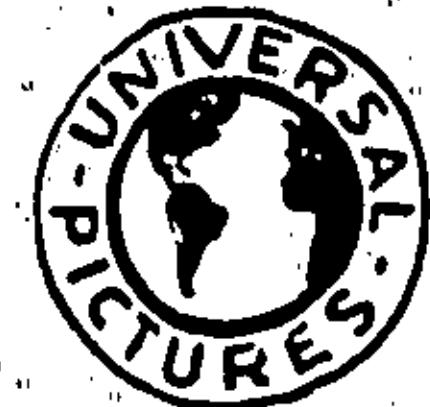
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IN
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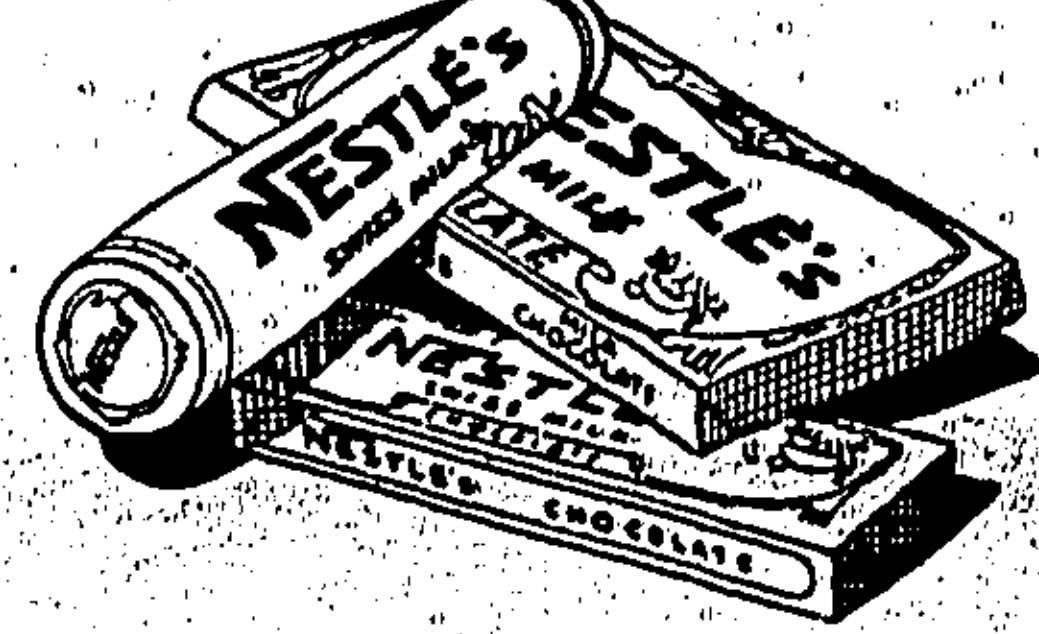


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There are also excellent Cailler and Kohler Fancy Boxes for your other friends; boxes that will be welcomed not only for their variety of design but for the really delicious chocolates they contain.



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SUCKING PIGS, CHICKENS, TURKEYS
CAPONS, DUCKS, GEESE.



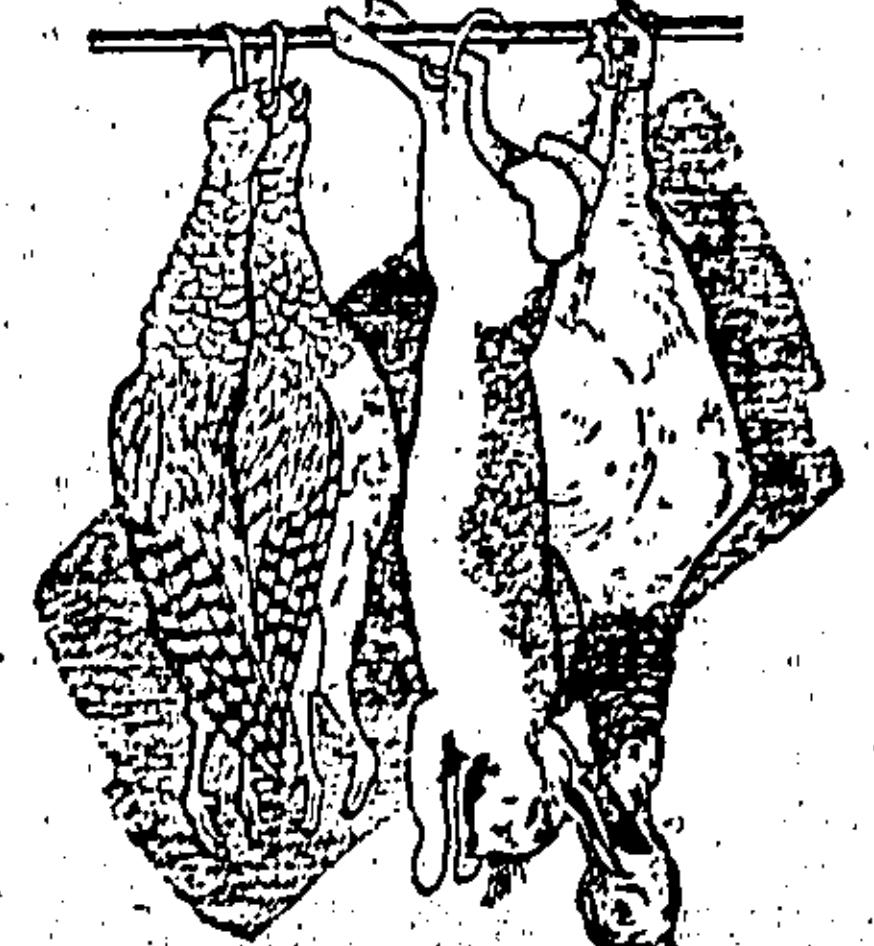
Insure the success of the traditional Christmas Dinner with a grand Turkey and the other savoury dishes so necessary with festive fare.

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Christmas



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Christmas Supplement 1932.

CONTENTS

CHRISTMAS 1932.

	Page
Christmas Messages	Hong Kong Church
Leaders	7
A Christmas Film	Rev. E. L. Allen
A Merry Christmas	Rev. J. N. Lewis Bryan
Touring Company	Ben Travers
Bonzo	G. E. Studdy
Sundowner	Twilight Jonah
Hansi	Susan Hertz
Spectre at a Carnival	Edgar Allan Poe
Christmas Humour	15
Christmas Day With Their Majesties	Hubert Harwood
Wendy Hut	36
Pictorial Supplement	17, 18, 19, & 20

If Christmas means anything, it means Service—service to the community, to fellow-men and fellow-women, to humanity. That is the spirit of Christmas. It is a spirit of which the World to-day is in dire need.

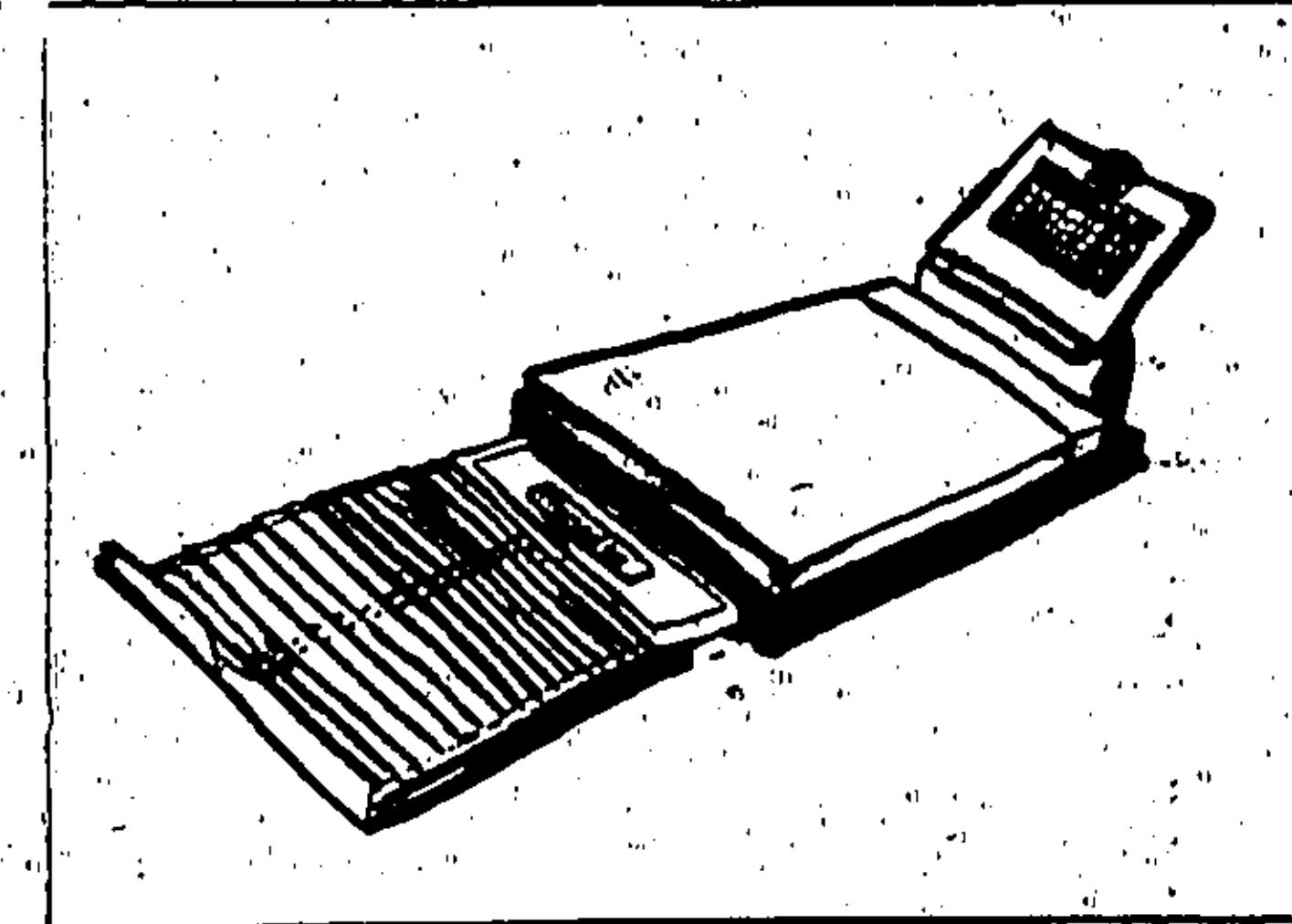
Service carries with it that cheerful note which refuses to be downcast and insists on extracting from life all that there is of joy and goodwill.

There enters the figure of Father Christmas; his bonhomie, his jovial belief in the essential goodness of all.

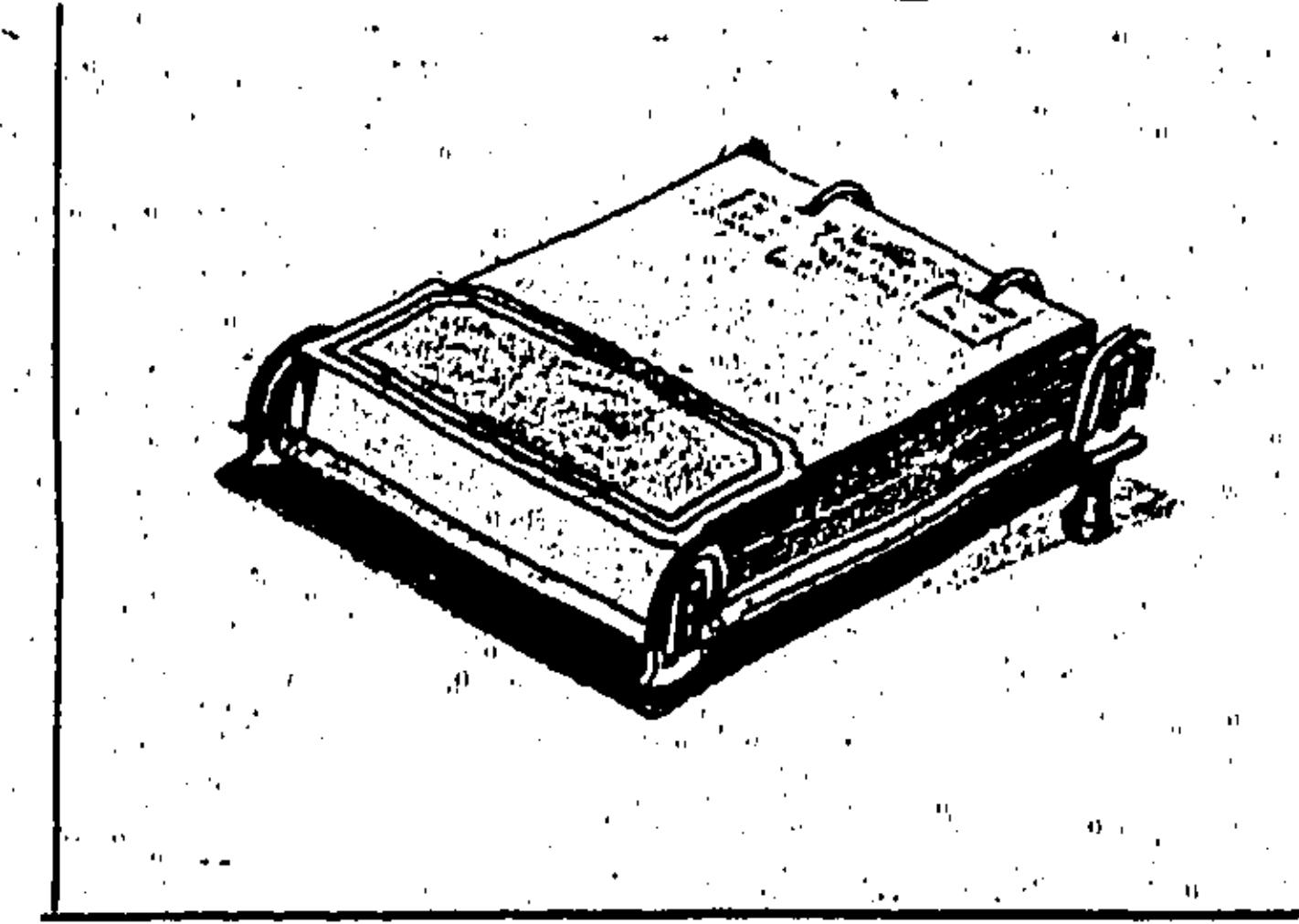
This obstinate comradeship does not imply crass ignorance of the unpleasant realities of the day to day routine, but simply signalizes a determination to rise superior to woe.

Christmas greetings for 1932 should therefore sound no mournful strain merely because the clouds seem blacker than usual. They should be cheery and confident, instinct with gratitude for happiness granted and, above all, buoyant in their feeling towards the New Year impatiently waiting in the wings.

Gifts that win Appreciation



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CHRISTMAS MESSAGES

From Church Leaders in Hong Kong

FIRST CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

"True And Good" Now And Then.

COMMAND TO CHARITY.

THE Rev. Bishop H. Valtorta, Vicar Apostolic of Hong Kong, brings this message to the Colony:

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of Good Will" (Luke II, 14). This, the first Christmas Greeting, borne from Heaven by God's Angels, came to us on the very night Christ was born.

"The message is as true and good to-day as it was then. It is for all time and for all peoples.

"Those who follow in the footsteps of Christ, and learn the lesson which He came on earth to teach, enjoy that peace in a wonderful way. First of all they have the interior peace of soul, that peace in their own hearts, which is the greatest happiness of this life. That interior peace brings with it peace and happiness to others, both materially and spiritually: materially by the simple fact of living at peace with them and doing them good, spiritually by the communication of spiritual gifts which flows from the Communion of Saints.

Souls Must Fight.

"Such souls have to fight, and fight continuously, against their own baser inclinations. They are ever striving to fulfil, often in the face of great difficulties, the last Will and Testament of Our Blessed Lord: 'A new commandment I give unto you that you love one another as I have loved you.' The spirit of mortification and self-denial necessary mean for them in this life a magnificent victory, and the gift from an infinitely generous God of eternal happiness in the next.

"Many to-day, instead of giving Glory to God, think rather of self, and forget, if they do not actually ignore, Him. Forgetting Him they lose the Will for peace." They too would welcome it, but they are not prepared to accept the means which Christ proposes to attain to it. Christ's way is humility and self-abnegation, a sharing in His peace through the sufferings of His Cross. Many will not have that way, preferring the pursuit of ambition and the unrestrained, blind seeking after pleasure. Suffering and not contentment is the result, as the world of to-day only too plainly testifies.

"Let us, with the coming of (Continued on Page 30.)



The Very Rev. Dean Swann

MODERN WORLD FORGETS CHRIST.

Source Of Benefits Not Observed.

THE FORGOTTEN HOST.

THE Very Rev. Alfred Swann, M.A., D.S.C., Dean of Hong Kong, has delivered the following Christmas message:

"A Christmas message? Well here it is quite literally—"For God's sake let Christmas be Christian!"

"Year by year a glorious wave of friendliness, good fellowship and love spreads over the world at Christmas time, linking friends and families and warming hearts to kindness and charity. The Spirit of Christ is abroad.

"But the modern world tends more and more to take with both hands all that has come to it through Christ and to forget to acknowledge the origin of its benefit.

"There is a story of a children's Christmas party which may illustrate the situation. After the usual prodigious tea there was Hide and Seek all over the house, but it remained for one enterprising youngster to explore an attic under the roof. Bursting through the hitherto unopened door, he came suddenly to a full stop. Sitting on an old broken chair in the cold of this inhospitable place was a boy: but he was a stranger to our searcher, for he

had taken no part in the fun below, and was certainly not dressed for a party.

"'Hello!' said the searcher, friendly but non-plussed.

"'Hello!' replied the boy with a rather odd smile.

"'What are you doing here?'

"'Oh, nothing much.'

"'But where do you live?'

"'I live here.'

"The searcher at once supposed the boy to be one of the servant's children, and being a decent lad felt a bit uncomfortable at having all the fun while this poor kid sat alone up here. So he went on:

"'But haven't you got a nicer room than this somewhere?'

"'Yes—as a matter of fact it's my house.'

"'Your house! What do you mean?'

"'Yes, it's my house, and it's my birthday to-day.'

"'Your house! and your birthday! but then why aren't you at the party?'

"'Oh, they didn't ask me.'

"'Everybody seems to have forgotten me to-day.'

"This is very much the situation at many Christmas festivities nowadays. The Owner, the Host, is just left out.

"When the Christ first came there was no room for Him, though He brought with Him all that mankind most needs. He came to give to all and sundry (Continued on Page 30.)

WORLD REJOICES IN CHRIST'S BIRTH.

Vicar Of St. Andrew's Tells Xmas Tale.

STRANGE INFLUENCES.

THE Rev. W. Walton Rogers, M.A., vicar of St. Andrew's Church, Kowloon, delivers the following Christmas message: "Christian peoples, the world around, will soon be celebrating Christmas. For nearly 2,000 years now, in an ever-increasing number of homes, the birth of the Christ Child is kept year by year as a joyous festival. Hardly a nation, from Equator to Poles, where it is not hailed with gladness and rejoicing.

"It is the greatest and most potent fact in human history, men of all races and classes uniting to commemorate the birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem.

"Truly great things have a way of beginning small: oaks from acorns, rivers from springs; and world changes from the birth of a baby!

"They all were looking for a King

To slay their foes and lift them high:

Thou cam'st, a little baby thing.

That made a woman cry."

"In Bret Harte's story, 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' which made him famous, he tells of a camp of gold-diggers with an evil reputation. Its inhabitants were drunkards and gamblers and the place itself famous for its crimes and avoided by all who had anything to lose.

"Into this camp a woman strayed, gave birth to a child and died. The child lived, and then the change began. He tells how, in the presence of the helpless babe, rough men showed unexpected tenderness; how the change affected the settlement, beginning with the cleaning and decorating of the child's cabin, the planting of flowers around it, and the birth of a new sense of beauty, which spread to other cabins.

"Such a work attempted by any other agency would have produced only profanity, yet it was silently effected through the ministry of a helpless babe.

Gift To The World.

"Christmas began with a great gift to the world, the gift of a little child. He was the token of the Father's love, and He brought into the world a new attitude towards life, a new spirit of loving and giving. He showed us the secret of life—how to live in the world as children in the Father's Home. He brought a gospel so simple.

(Continued on Page 30.)

*A Christmas Film**Christmas Day Through the Ages*

By Rev. E. L. Allen

THE world's life is something like the unrolling of a cinema film. There is someone away at the back and out of our sight — we are still debating whether it is Fortune or Fate or God that is doing it — who is working the machinery. Scenes pass before us in rapid succession, kings are crowned and lose their crowns, some men starve in want and others perish from sheer surfeit of wealth and pleasure, millions are born, live, and die in complete obscurity, mere passing blurs on the screen, while others have the whole scene to themselves for a few moments, then they too pass off the edge and are forgotten by the onlookers. But everywhere there is life, movement, change. And the sounds that accompany it! Noise of hammers, clatter of machinery, roar of wind and boom of cannon! To be sure, there are words also, but only seldom can we make sense even of these. Now and again a voice clearer and bolder than the rest is raised to assure us that there is meaning in it all and what that meaning is. But we are not yet certain that we can believe him.

It is a Christmas film I want to display. I mean I want to show you some of the events that are associated in history with this day. The day is famous enough already, and that for the greatest of all reasons; so they can add nothing to its glory, in fact some of them have done not a little to tarnish it. For even that circle of human happiness and festivity which we call Christmas Day has not been able to keep altogether outside itself such things as passion and cruelty, ambition and needless wrong!

It is the year 800 and on Christmas Day the great church of St. Peter's at Rome is crowded to the doors. For the Frankish King is there, Charles son of Pepin, Charlemagne as he is known in history. He is master of Western Europe, and the men who form his escort as he marches proudly down the aisle in the sight of all, are those who have made him what he is. Soldiers are there, their hands straying idly to the hilts of the swords they have drawn on many a battlefield, and monks too, worn with long vigils and the many hazards through which they have passed, carrying some of them crucifixes that have been held aloft while heathen multitudes went down to the river to be baptized. For Charles has offered the men of his time the Gospel on a sword's point.

Men have begun to talk of him of late in a new way. The old Caesars belong to history, they were pagans and no one wishes them back. But here is one who might well be a Christian Caesar, who might bring again the glory that was Rome, and that under the shadow of the Cross. He himself has more than once played in his own mind with such a project. There is the Empress Irene in Constantinople, why not marry her and take the Eastern Empire with her as her portion? Why not then, Emperor of East and West alike, the new Augustus, the new Caesar, march one day down this aisle again and set a new crown on his head?

The service has begun. Charles looks at the Pope where he stands, and smiles inwardly. How much this man owes to him! Only the year before, in one of their riotous moods, the Roman people drove him from their city, and strange rumours got abroad that they had gouged out his eyes. But he fled uninjured across the Alps and Charles is here now to restore him. Will he restore him? That remains to be seen. Leo the Third has grown somewhat proud since he took his high office, it might be well to set another in his place, or at any rate to teach him a lesson he will never forget.

The service is going forward. But Charles's thoughts are elsewhere and the solemn Latin of the priests is lost on him. It is time to go forward to receive the consecrated wafer. He rises from his seat, advances to the high altar and kneels there. His head is bowed, the Pope is reading the service, and all eyes are fixed on these two. But what is happening? There is a stir in the congregation. Charles looks up, and there is the Pope standing by the altar, a gold crown in his hand. For whom is it meant? There can be no doubt about that. The next moment the crown is on Charles's head and the great church rings with the deafening shouts of the Romans: "To Charles, Augustus, crowned by God, to the great and pacific Emperor of the Romans, long life and victory!" As if something tells him that the thing he is doing is pagan and not Christian in the least, the Pope advances and crying, "Hail Caesar! Hail Augustus!" prostrates himself before the Emperor.

Charles is moodily silent. As he leaves the church, he signs to his friend Eginhard, who steps up to him to receive his con-

fidence. "Had I known," he says, "what that priest meant to do, I had not set foot in this place to-day. Caesar, yes, but Caesar in my own right, not by grace of a shaveling priest who owes his life to me!"

Over two centuries have gone by, but men's manners have not yet greatly changed. Europe is still a haunt of ignorance and cruelty, and culture seldom ventures outside of the walls of the monasteries which offer it a refuge in an unappreciative world. We are now in England.

For two months, ever since Harold fell on Senlac field, confusion has reigned in London, and division of counsels. Would Edwin and Morcar march down from the north and drive the Norman upstart into the sea? No! they preferred the enjoyment of their own estates to uncertain battle for the men of another shire. Edgar Atheling has been proclaimed king, but where are the armed men to make good his claim? And William is drawing nearer all the time, he is like the snake which wraps its coils round its victim before striking it dead. Away to west and north, a line of burning villages flashes to the people of London the message that there is no alternative, they must not merely have him as their king, they must force him to make a show of welcoming him.

Now it is Christmas Day and William and his land-hungry Normans crowd, Westminster Abbey. Outside the church, a strong detachment of foot-soldiers keeps order, while the English look on, in gaping, sullen fashion at the solemn farce that is being enacted in their midst.

But what is that? There is a stir on the flank, men run to and fro, swords are drawn, and one shouts "Treachery, treachery!" On all hands the cry is taken up, the priest within hear it and turns pale at the sound, the Normans start to their feet and rush out of the church with drawn swords. Only William and his few immediate followers sit there, perfectly composed. The ceremony must go on. What matters if a rabble of Englishmen is being killed outside! There will be much more of that before these people have learned their lesson!

A tongue of flame leaps into the air outside and a fitful glare from it falls across the altar itself. A Norman has tossed a lighted brand onto the thatched roof of a cottage and the flames are spreading to right and left. But William sits unmoved. Perhaps he has planned all this himself, who knows? The trembling voices of the clergy compete in vain with the shrieks of the unhappy folk outside. But what of that? The crown is set on his head, and by the light of burning homes William is crowned King of the English on Christmas Day!

It is Christmas Day on the Western front in 1914. A man stands up in the trench, takes a round object in his hand, holds it a moment, then flings it into the air, where it describes a curve and drops on the German parapet. A deafening explosion follows and bits of sandbag — no, not this time! A hand stretches out from the German trench and picks up the missile. It is a tin of jam! "Merry Christmas to you, Jerry!" a voice shouts, and the answer comes back, "A Merry Christmas to you!" Two hands appear again on the German parapet and a man scrambles up. The Englishman who threw the jam follows his example, the two meet in No Man's Land and shake hands. Then there is laughing and shouting all along the line, men come tumbling out into the open, minus their rifles. They shake hands, exchange cigarettes, and chatter gaily in such bits of French, English, and German as they can command. The words that best express the general sentiment seem to be those of a tall Cockney, "La guerre no bon!" The officers stand aside at first, a bit dubious of the whole proceeding, but they too are sick to death of this ghastly business of war and before long they are fraternising as well.

Two padres meet and hold a brief consultation. A joint service is suggested, and there is no need this time to order men to fall in. There is an English hymn and then a German, a few words from each padre and a brief prayer to close. Each man's thoughts fly back to the old home, the Yule log on the hearth, the children round the table, and the Christmas tree with its burden of toys. Perhaps they will soon be back there! Perhaps this war will all be over now! They hardly dare to speak of what is in their minds, but surely this slaughter will not all begin again! "Peace on earth, goodwill among men!" will it come true at last?

(Continued on Page 25.)

A Merry Christmas

By Rev. J. N. Lewis Bryan

(Who reviews the festive seasons from a somewhat unusual angle)



CHRISTMAS is the same the world over. It doesn't matter where you are — whether you are living in lands where the ladies wear cocoanut matting camisoles, and men shorts made of sucking; in Spain the land of guitars and onions; out here in China where the women wear trousers and the men skirts; in the din and tumult of great cities, or in the wide open spaces where men are men and the canaries sing bass — the hearts of all white men beat as one at this time.

Even the fellows who have ignored your existence for twelve solid months, or have systematically forgotten to pay the paltry sum of \$50 they have owed you for years, get the odd smite on the back, and the invitation to "come along and have one."

In the minds of all there are thoughts of home. Even the men who have run away, perhaps because their wives have taken to chewing gum, or the cook wouldn't stay, or the wrong horse won the 3:30, all roll up at Xmas, and gather around the turkey and whatnot, all else forgotten.

All over the country the fatted calves are made ready for the returning prodigals. (This does not unfortunately apply to Scotland. If he turns up there, it isn't the fatted calf that gets killed).

The bells ring out in merry chime. For weeks before, chaps wearing wicket-keeping gloves have been hard at it, until their hands have been sufficiently hardened and then at midnight they let themselves go; little fellows standing on hassocks, all in a bath of perspiration, to remind fond parents that it is high time they were up and doing, in the night nursery.

Sweet-faced children with well-trained voices, after months of painstaking rehearsals, sally forth, in the real spirit of altruism, to proclaim anew the story of Xmas. You entirely forget that for some weeks past they or their doubles, have been making the nights hideous with sound, dropped grease all over the porch, and having sufficiently rasped their throats, prodded the door with their boots, and gone off giving expression to their opinions in language singularly unbecoming to their tender age.

Another Spirit.

Then turn to trade and commerce.

All the shops have a clean-up, turn out all the previous year's unsaleable goods, call them Xmas bargains, add on 10 per cent. to the price, and hope for the best.

Here in Hong Kong the Chinese and Indian shops follow suit, and why not? Hope always beats high at Xmas and hope is to be encouraged.

For weeks before the festive season starts, thousands of people all over the world have been given seasonal employment.

Picking oranges, and reducing them by special, ingenious machinery into tangerines; collecting flies for the mincemeat; making plum puddings out of all kinds of other fruit; tying a lot of holes together with fine netting, to make Xmas stockings for the shops; altering the dates on last year's cards; making up beautiful verses for the crackers; stealing nuts from the monkeys in Africa, or enticing the camels away from the date trees in Algeria.

All these people find employment and consequently happiness at Xmas time.

Even the monkeys and camels can't really grouse — they have twelve months to go, before their Lenten season comes around again. The only things I am sorry for are the Turkeys, they don't get a second chance.

All the higher professions reap sacks of shekels at this period. Bookmakers at Hurst Park and Sandown take 13 to 8 instead of 5 to 4, and go home to the bosom of their families, with a warm glow of public benefaction.

All round the villages the local bands turn out, and blow their false teeth down cornets and trombones; and so the local dentists are kept busy until Easter, replacing them.

Others again (up Lancashire way, especially), bring out their false teeth from the second drawer in the washstand where they have been reposing since the previous Xmas, and while trying to negotiate the left leg of the turkey, bite themselves and so get hydrophobia. This lets in the doctors who have the time of their lives.

Mixing The Signals.

Much as I hate the idea of introducing even one passing note of pessimism I must say one word about presents. It is unfortunately only too true, that the amount of affection you are likely to receive from your immediate relatives during the forthcoming

year, is in exact ratio to the value of the present they have gouged out of you at Xmas.

Presents have been responsible for any number of broken lives and hearts. I remember the sad case of a dear friend of mine. He purchased a safety-razor for an uncle (Indian army, retired, and from whom he had great expectations), and a powder-puff for his fiancee. Unfortunately in the hustle at the end, he got them mixed. The appropriate note in each, did not lessen the gravity of the situation in either case, and he had to flee the country.

Another sad experience was that of a local Vicar, whose son had presented him with a magnificent but somewhat intricate pair of braces. At the end of a wedding service, which he had just taken, as the procession was wending its way down the aisle towards the vestry, a small childish voice was heard to cry excitedly "They're coming down." They were.

Things are managed much better across the Tweed. There they wait until Boxing Day, when all the presents are in from their English friends, then they shuffle them around and reposit them, blaming the delay later on, upon the G.P.O. That is the reason why Boxing Day is known up there as the Scotsman's Xmas.

Lost In A Forest.

Then who doesn't love the Xmas Tree? Lit by fairy lamps and laden with gifts. But one word of caution here may not be amiss. A very dear friend of mine, going upstairs to his flat one Xmas night, collapsed over a very large tree placed outside a neighbour's door. Waking up a few hours later, he found his head embedded among the branches, and remained there until rescued by the servants in the morning, under the firm impression that he had spent the night hopelessly lost in the depths of a pine forest.

If anyone, in conclusion, feels inclined to forward the writer any slight token of affection or regard, please do not let anything he has said about presents above, deter him. He only asks that they be sent c/o the Editor, and above all adequately stamped.



Touring Company

AUTHOR'S NOTE. — All the characters in this story are fictitious. It is probably inconceivable that they could relate to any real personages. But, in case anyone thinks they do, they don't.

If one of the more roystering of our Christmas card poets had confronted Gilbert Augustus Pogson at about half-past six on Christmas Eve and had greeted him with seasonable references to the blazing Yule log and hot jorums of punch, he would, for an absolute certainty, have heard something to his disadvantage.

Christmastide is hot in some places. It was very hot at Sydney. It was damned hot at Sydney Cricket Ground. And to judge by the appearance of Gilbert Augustus Pogson, it was hottest of all in the visiting players' dressing-room.

To be shown Pogson (especially in the very intimate conditions prevailing in the dressing-room) and to be told that he was England's captain would have surprised you, to say the least. He fell about six inches short of your ideal. He was years and years older than any other man of thirty-five. He was already almost completely bald. But his mien was severe and, as partial compensation perhaps for his egg-like dome, he favoured a moustache which bristled in full-blown defiance of the modish clip. His eyes were defiant, too, protruding aggressively from an otherwise harmless countenance. As Dandy Stratton was fond of saying, "Gussy goes through life looking like a furious sardine."

"Gussy" was old by nature as well. He was irritable, with the settled and humourless grumpiness of some senile club-dweller. He was pompous, with a vocabulary of studied and correct largiloquence which would have done credit to a head-master of old-fashioned school fiction. But he was at least a captain who regarded the Test series as the Australians do, not as sport, but as five pitched battles of a war. As a matter of fact, he was inclined to go further and to look on the whole thing as nothing short of a crusade.

Moreover, he was the best slow spin bowler England had possessed in the last ten years. This was his third tour, and seniority (combined with a certain dearth of competition), had established him as leader. He was a bit of a joke to most of the side, but, they were a very loyal crowd and, to quote Dandy Stratton again, "one ought to be thankful for any really good joke on one of these tours."

Christmas Day falling on a Sunday, the authorities had arranged to play the third Test at Sydney bang in the middle of the so-called festive season. The match had started on the Friday. The score at the close of play on Saturday was pretty level — Australia, 452; England, 109 for 2; Stratton not out 52, Pogson not out 0. Not too good, perhaps, but there seemed no grounds for panic of recrimination.

Yet the conversation in the players' room did not seem to be animated by the peace-and-good-will spirit of Christmas. Most of the English team had changed before the close of play and had returned to their hotel before Gussy Pogson and Dandy were out of their flannels. Harry Braham, the manager, had looked in and had decided from Gussy's demeanour that anything he wanted to say had better be said later. Gussy had dismissed the baggeman and the masseur and had barred the door against autograph hunters and other well-meaning visitors. And now he, in a towel, and Dandy, in nothing at all, settled down to a good old heart-to-heart argument.

The vast crowd was melting away. Across the ground, beneath the score board (itself the size of most English county pavilions) remained only a few survivors of the afternoon's serried, sweating, shouting horde of enthusiasts of the famous "Hill." The bottle-boys (a recognized occupation) were going round collecting the relicts of the day's beer consumption — a record one, incidentally. The last denizens of the Hill remained, almost knee-deep in discarded newspapers, like the survivors of an upheaved ants' nest.

But on the members' side of the ground was a charming contrast where, in the enclosure reserved for them, dallied some choice specimens of the lilies of the cricket field — the smartest, prettiest, and most elegant race of girls in the world. The sound of their laughter danced upon the air; snatches of their conversation, too, in vivacious squeaks which might have emanated from a group of angels in frolicsome mood playing at being Cockneys.

Sydney has reason to be proud of its ladies' enclosure, and provides as worthy a setting as possible for the cluster of gems, for neat borders with pansies growing in them skirt the rails, and on Saturday in State matches a heated band, in the full-dress uniform of the Portuguese Air Force, discourses brazen entertainment in the somewhat time-worn form of a selection from *The Gondoliers*.

By

Ben Travers

Dandy Stratton was greatly in favour with the ladies' enclosure, and, as was only fair, the ladies' enclosure was greatly in favour with Dandy. He was twenty-four, one of the few amateurs in the side, number three in England's batting order, and worthy the position; a glorious cricketer. And if the young man's fancy lightly turned in the most natural direction, do you blame him? It didn't affect his game, anyhow. But his captain was very exercised about it. This was, in fact, the cause of all the bother at the moment.

"Dash it," protested Dandy. "I walked out there into that stew-pot, with the barrackers howling like a bunch of Romans at a Christian-eating contest; I make 50 not out, and not only that. When, a quarter of an hour before the finish, you, of all people, come plodding out to bat, to the delighted shrieks of the populace —"

"I considered it my duty to sacrifice myself in the attempt to stave off further disaster."

"Anyhow, I, knowing you are the most piffing number ten batsman on record, take the strike for the rest of the day and save your bald scalp. And now you start ticking me off."

"I'm not casting reflections on your performance at the crease. You know perfectly well what my complaint is."

"Yes, I do. The barrackers have upset you. I saw the way your moustache bristled when that fellow, on the Hill shouted out, 'Take off yer cap and show us yer permanent wave.'"

"Nothing of the sort. I'm impervious to those Yahoos. But your mind doesn't seem to be on the game at all."

"Oh, yes it is," said Dandy softly. "And a dashed good game, too."

"At the luncheon interval," proceeded Gussy, "instead of enjoying a reasonable meal, what do you do? You gobble a sandwich, dash up to the players' window, and spend the entire interval, scanning the women's enclosure through field-glasses. Even when you were batting you kept shooting glances in that direction. It was very marked and — and insufferable. Why, good heavens, just now, when we were running a single, you said something to me, as we crossed between wickets, about 'the one in green!'"

BONZO WINS THE CHRISTMAS RAFFLE.

By G. E. Studdy.



TOURING COMPANY

(Continued from Page 10.)

"Listen, Gus. I'll tell you what the trouble is. I'm looking for a particular girl. I met her here earlier in the tour when we were playing the State match. All these Aussie girls are the cutest things in the whole blinking universe—"

Mr. Stratton flung up his arms like some impassioned orator in the nude. Mr. Pogson merely blew out his moustache scornfully.

"And this girl," continued Dandy rapturously, "is, believe me, Gus, the absolute prize peach of the whole slam basket!"

Gussy made an angry grab at his vest.

"You are here to play cricket—"

"She isn't here, that's the point, and she swore she would be!"

"If you persist in this attitude I shall feel called upon to report the matter to the proper authorities to be dealt with through the correct channels."

Mr. Pogson completed a hot toilet and left the dressing-room alone, flushed and extremely pugnacious. As he opened the door a small boy, who had worshipped his way to the head of an expectant throng, flung himself upon Gussy, proffering a dishevelled pocket-book containing some well-thumbed inscriptions.

"Ere—Gussy!" he cried.

"Who?"

"Well—Mr. Pogson."

"So I should hope indeed. Stand aside, please."

"Well, beef us out yer moniker."

"What?"

"Give us yer autograph."

"Most certainly not."

Gussy managed to push his arbitrary little way through the grinning crowd and to escape, though his ears burned with the shameful impression that England's captain was being subjected to ribald comment. Indeed, the small boy, who seemed inspired by a foreboding that Gussy would fail to score on Monday morning, followed for some distance, running in his shadow and prophesying loudly.

Dandy, when he emerged, was a great deal more considerate to the fans. He scrutinized every girl in turn with desperate hope. But no; she wasn't there. And if she wasn't there she couldn't be in Sydney at all.

Weary as he was with the heat and toil of the day, he started to walk back to the hotel. Not on purpose—simply he was lost in contemplation. Here he was, on the eve of what should have been the best Christmas he'd ever struck. Fifty not out—all the cables buzzing with his name. He could visualize the posters at home—Stratton England's Hope, and Can "Dandy" Do It? and the like. Of course, he could do it. He could make two hundred on Monday, and, but for this worrying abstraction about this girl, he not only could but would.

Queer how keen he was, because he'd only met her for ten

SUNDOWNER

BY TWILIGHT JONAH.

I.

"Twas on the road to Netherby I met him one fine morning, Plodding past the lonely gum trees And a-lugging of his swag; He was very rough and dirty, Just an old Sundowner Gertie; Stopped and smiled, and looked me over, Saying 'ave yer got a fag?"

II.

Sure his face was lined and dusty, But his eyes were blue as china, And his smile was like the sunshine O'er the desert early morn. Sat him down beside a boulder, With a "Must be 'growin' older, Still, no 'urry; goin' nowhere; Ere we are until we're gone."

III.

"Fifty years I've jumped the blucy; Maybe just a little barmy. But I tried me 'ard at most things, An' just couldn't settle down; There's a something sorta gets yer; It's an' abit wot grows on yer; I could never stand fer livin' In a shut-in bleedin' town."

IV.

"I remembers the old cottage Wat I lived in as' a nipper, Up in 'New South' close ter Sydney, Looking out across the sea. But the sighin' of the palm trees, And the moonlight on the water Got me bloomin' feet to itchin', An' that was the end o' me."

V.

"So I ships me out to Auckland, Next to Suva, in the Fijies; On to dreamy old Hawaia, Then toward the Golden Gate. Boiled my billy out of 'Frisco, Rode the ride through California, Pinched some cattle down in Texas; Couldn't settle—must be fate."

VI.

minutes. But, as he told himself, it was one of those cases where Cupid delivers an absolute snorter, coming very fast off the pitch and leaving you absolutely defenceless. Or, if you cared to put it the other way, Dandy had had a brief innings but had never in his life scored so quickly.

Some mutual friend (he'd forgotten who, or that might have helped) had introduced them. Dandy had told her that, stunned as he had been from the first by the glory of Australian girls, he had known all along that there must be one particular one somewhere who was it, and it alone. And, she was it. The girl, with commendable practicability, had told Dandy that she lived with her father on a station a hundred miles up-country; but that she would be coming to Sydney for the Test and they could spend Christmas Day together and perhaps really see something of each other. Then some fool had butted in and Dandy had never even so much as hooked on to her name and address. This had been in November, in the match against New South Wales. Fortunately, perhaps, for Gussy's peace of mind, the meeting had taken place during the final day's play. Curse! Because the girl had been as genuine about it as he was. Then, if she couldn't come, why didn't she write or something? She knew who he was—anyway. Blast! And that poor little pedantic

"Hit up North across the border, Eastward to the 'Peg I wandered; Ruddy cold up there in winter, But I still kept goin' North; Mashed with Benny up in Timmins; Made a lot of cash, and blew it; Had a fortune if I'd known it, Didn't stay though, just blow off."

"Worked me South toward the Great Lakes, Down to where the old St. Lawrence Cracks her ice up in the Springtime, An' goes runnin' on her way; Jumped a brig from off Rimouski To the land of fog and drizzle; England's bonzer, London's 'andso me, But I didn't care to stay."

"Bishop's Rock I left behind me; Tenerife I 'ad before. Then the next thing I was doin' Was a-trekkin' o'er the veldt; Cape Town, Jo'burg, Durban knew me; I 'ave 'ad some bosker chances, But just couldn't stay located, Must a been the way I felt."

"Somethin' in me blood I'm thinkin' Keeps me always bloomin' 'oppin', And I'm hittin' now fer Melbourne Though I ain't just quite sure why. Guess I'll always be a roamer, A billy-boolin' 'obo like; A knockin' 'eve and there again Until I 'as ter die."

"So I left him, one fine morning, Twas on the road to Netherby; Sitting lazy by a boulder With his back against his swag; He was very rough and dirty, Just an old Sundowner Gertie, Smiled at me, and looked me over; Bummed the match, and lit his fag."

puffing, petulant, protesting Gussy! Well, well, poor little devil, he was married and naturally didn't know what love really meant. Dandy had met Mrs. Gus—an awful woman, thin as a stick and with an enormous row of separate front teeth—like a rake in fact. Thank heaven she wasn't on this trip. One Pogson was enough.

Dandy realized he'd be late for dinner, and knew that if you appear after seven o'clock in the dining-room of an Australian hotel you get no dinner at all; but he didn't care. Dinner only meant an exceedingly insipid fish, called a schnapper and a mass of chicken Maryland heaped on your plate in a manner calculated to upset the appetite of a schoolboy. Moreover, the waiter was liable to lean his elbow on your shoulder and participate in your conversation, and Dandy didn't feel in the mood for that sort of thing to-night.

He didn't feel in the mood for anything. Hell! Why hadn't she written?

She'd written. She had written. He snatched the letter from the man in the hotel office and tore it open, knowing instinctively it was from her. He gabbled almost incoherently—*"Oh, good, good! Just what I wanted most in the world."*

The hotel clerk, like the waiters, was a matey soul.

"Bird?" he inquired laconically.

"Of Paradise," replied Dandy. The letter was quite short and formal. She and Dad hadn't been able to get to Sydney as she had injudiciously crashed the car and they couldn't get another; besides, Dad was cattle-branding on Monday and had to be home. But what about Mr. Stratton spending Christmas Day at the station? It was only a three hours' run and the road was quite all right. If he started fairly early he could get there for lunch. She signed herself Sylvia Hale. Her address was Jackson Ridge, and she gave her telephone number. So within a few minutes a dinnerless but ecstatic Dandy was talking to her again.

The sound of her voice helped him to remember what she looked like a bit more clearly. She was very trim, he remembered—a perfect, nimble little figure. She had the usual lovely complexion, but was unusually pretty. Not that they weren't most of them pretty. But she had just a bit extra of that perky, piquant sort of prettiness so many of them had. By gad, she was a peach; and as for her voice—well, of course, it had, perhaps, to a rather marked degree, that queer little nasal squeakiness of the familiar Australian accent; but, personally, Dandy admired that, and anyone who didn't could simply go to hell, and that was that.

Dandy again made the most of his innings and piled up the runs of affection until the telephone wires positively sizzled with ardour. You bet he'd come. He'd be at Jackson's Ridge by midday. He had a car. Some Australian friend, with characteristic hospitality, had lent him one. Who'd be there? Just she and Dad?

"Well," she said, "I'm afraid there may have to be Wally Gunn. He's from another station near by. He's a bit of a rough-neck, but he's on his own and it's Christmas. Still, we can give him the air. Bye-bye. See you to-morrow—lovely." She laughed a laugh which sounded to Dandy like the tinkle of a silver bell. She then hung up the receiver and turned with a jump to find the swarthy figure of Mr. Wally Gunn obliterating the twilight in the doorway.

"How long have you been there?" she cried.

"Long enough," said Mr. Gunn. "Who's the cove?"

"What? Why, Dandy Stratton. You know—the England cricketer."

"Oh, one o' those cows," said Mr. Gunn profanely. "Darned good of him to come up here and mix himself up with rough-necks."

Sylvie Hale was genuinely distressed at having hurt his feelings. She did her best to apologize quite simply and honestly. But we cannot, I suppose, altogether blame Wally Gunn for cutting up pretty rough. Again, Sylvie being a spirited girl, she did not stand for being cut up rough with, especially when she knew she was really in the wrong. The result was that Dad, arriving puzzled and almost apologetic upon the scene, and in

(Continued on Page 52)

HANSI

By Susan Ertz

FRANK Tanner saw her first—a small, brisk figure, moving with rapid steps about the neglected garden on the other side of the hedge. She didn't see him. She studied the house from the side, the front, the back; broke off a twig of the big lime tree to be sure it was alive and prepared to bud in due course; sat, for a second or so, on the rustic seat; got up and tugged at a dead vine against the wall, then went into the house again. Twenty minutes later he heard the sound of the car and saw it disappear down the driveway, that small, vital figure seated at the wheel, dressed in cap, scarf and coat of copper brown. And then, a few days later, he saw her again, and this time she had a child with her. He said nothing to anyone, being in the habit of keeping his thoughts to himself—but those glimpses of her had started a whole series of dream-pictures of wishful visions.

A few years earlier, Mr. Gooch, a local builder, had bought four acres of woodland a mile from the village of Maddington—pronounced by the Sussex people to rhyme with "sky"—and at once proceeded to build four quite attractive little houses on it, each standing in its own acre of ground. Three of these were sold as soon as completed, but the fourth stood empty.

Blythewood was jointly owned by Mr. Charles Speeder, a junior member of a firm of London lawyers, and his wife Vanessa, who wrote novels under the name of Vanessa Crawford. They had two children, a boy and a girl. Danesbrook was the house of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lessingford, who had no children. Lessingford was a stock broker, and at that time not a very cheerful one. The Cope belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tanner. There was one child—a boy of eleven by Mrs. Tanner's first marriage. Mrs. Tanner admitted to being fifty, while Tanner was thirty-one. She was stout and gray-haired, very hospitable, and, as a rule, most amiable. Some people took exception to her occasional moments of frolicsome, but at other times she was dignified enough, and showed restraint, all things considered, in the matter of make-up. Frank Tanner was dark and slender, with a sleek head and a flawless figure. The dancing floor was his spiritual home. Readers may and doubtless will draw their own conclusions here, but it must be said in all fairness that the two seemed to get on quite well together, and though Tanner was criticized for having no occupation beyond that of chauffeur-gardener, the boy, Julius, seemed fond of him. Tanner was inclined to be silent and aloof in company. He took in and read a number of illustrated

papers such as *The Film World* and *The Dancing Times*, and one might have noticed that he would sit staring at photographs of Greta Garbo or Jean Harlow, and that he would toss the magazine aside with a yawn when Mrs. Tanner approached him. They gave such dinner parties as were given, and, until some of Mrs. Tanner's investments failed to bring in their usual dividends, kept open house for lunch every Sunday.

Lessingford was a heavy man who had once been an athlete and good-looking. He had a ready laugh, loved a musical show, was fond of dispensing hospitality, and would have been, in prosperous times, a genial host. Now he presented the sad and deflated spectacle of the good mixer with nothing to mix. Edna, his wife, was a pretty, fair-haired woman of thirty-eight, who had constant trouble with servants and allowed domestic difficulties to get on her nerves. She could usually be made happy, however, by a daring novel or game of contract bridge at sixpence a hundred.

The Speeders were a more serious pair. Their house was sparsely furnished with modern furniture and possessed most of the new labour-saving devices. They had a man and wife to keep house for them, and this couple had their own wireless set and the exclusive use of the car one day a week. The Speeders often had week-end visitors, one or two at a time, and got up charades and plays to which the neighbours were invited. Vanessa wrote for four or five hours a day and took strenuous exercise in the company of the children for two hours. Sometimes she left Blythewood and the children and Charles, and went off alone to pay visits. Sometimes Charles would be absent, alone, for a night or two.

The empty house was called The Birches, being almost surrounded by a little wood of these fairy-like young trees. It faced east, while the other houses faced south; nevertheless, its failure to find an occupant puzzled everyone. People had come often enough to look at it, but matters never went further, and it was now understood that Mr. Gooch was willing to accept any reasonable offer. And then one day, not long after Frank Tanner had turned away from the hedge that separated the two houses, with his head full of dreams and visions, it became known to all the little world that The Birches was about to be occupied by a lady.

Naturally this news caused some excitement among the neighbours, and the vans had

hardly finished discharging their loads before Vanessa Speeder and Mrs. Lessingford put on their hats and went together to call. Their first object was to see if they could be of any help—for the newcomer was a foreigner as well—their second to satisfy a reasonable and lively curiosity.

By this time it was almost May. The young birches wore trembling veils of transparent green, and cuckoos were calling to one another from the woods.

The first live creature that met the eyes of the two callers as they walked up the little driveway was a small Persian kitten which ran suddenly round the corner of the house and then stopped with arched back and started tail at the sight of them. In pursuit of it came a fair-haired child of about three, of such a remarkable loveliness that the two women seized each other's arms and cried out "Oh!" And only great self-restraint kept them from a further cry of surprise when round the same corner of the house, in pursuit of child and kitten, came the most marvellously lovely young woman either had ever set eyes upon. She was as fair-haired as the child, and was dressed in a pale green sleeveless sweater, and a short woollen skirt. Her legs were bare and her feet were thrust into bright red sandals which exposed her bare toes. She was laughing, and at sight of them, she, too, like the child and the kitten, came to a sudden stop. Then she picked up the child, swung her on to her shoulder and came forward with extended hand.

"How do you do? We're your neighbours," said Vanessa. "We came to see if we could be of any use. I'm Mrs. Speeder from Blythewood, and this is Mrs. Lessingford from Danesbrook."

"So nice you are to come," said the girl, smiling. "I am Mrs. Merriden, and this is my Else. . . . Shake hands with the ladies. Else, that is a good girl. . . . Please," she said, tilting her lovely head to one side, "I like you should not see the house yet, it is not looking very good; so maybe you come in the garden this nice afternoon, yes?"

"We'd love to," said Mrs. Lessingford. "It's really too soon to pay calls," she apologized, "but we thought we might be of some help to you."

"I am lucky, then, I have good neighbours," said the girl, and led the way round into the garden, the kitten scampering ahead wildly, its tail hoisted like a little mast. "I don't speak English very good yet," she told them as they reached a group of chairs under the budding lime tree, "so please excuse many mistakes. Now we sit here and

soon tea will come. Lis!" she called, and Else climbed down from her lap and ran toward the house calling, "Lis! Lis!" A tall woman came to the back door, saw what was wanted, nodded, and disappeared again.

"That is my Lis," said Mrs. Merriden. "Once she was my nurse when I was a baby. When I grow up and act for the films, she comes too, as maid. When I marry, she still comes as cook, and now nurse too. I could not live without my Lis!"

They told her she was fortunate, such devoted servants being somewhat rare nowadays. Then Vanessa said:

"So you're a film actress? How exciting! Perhaps we've actually seen you on the films." But she knew even as she spoke that had she seen that lovely creature before, on the screen or off it, she wouldn't have forgotten her.

"No, I don't think," said the girl, "as I was not very long film actress. My name is Hansi Probst, and I act always in Vienna. Then I marry an Englishman and go to Paris, where he has business. I have no husband now. I get a divorce. For a while we are happy; then we quarrel, quarrel; we agree about nothing. And that is not nice. So I say finish, and so we finish. It is best."

Both ladies murmured conventionally that it was sad, and a pity, but Mrs. Merriden said, with a little wave of the hand: "No, no, that is life. You make mistake—though it was not all mistake, for I have my Else—then it is no good crying. If there is a part that is bad, cut it off. You think so too? No?"

"I think you're perfectly right," said Vanessa warmly. "So many women want to cling, to hold on, because they're afraid or can't bear the thought of change."

"It isn't as simple as all that, Vanessa," said Edna Lessingford, with a touch of sharpness in her voice. "If one loves, one loves. If one doesn't, it's easier, of course, but even then there are other considerations."

"Love should be happy, mutual, no?" said Mrs. Merriden. "When it is not that, then it is not love. Only habit, and that is so dull, so ugly."

"I do so agree with you, Mrs. Merriden," said Vanessa. "And now you're going to live here alone! How brave you are!"

"Not for always. I don't say for always," said Hansi, with a smile. "Now I tell you something. I tell Mr. Gooch, 'No, I don't buy that house; I rent it.' He says, 'Very good, no matter. If I sell it, you go when one year finish. If not, maybe you buy yourself?' So maybe I stay one year, maybe not so long."

(Continued on Page 18.)

HANSI

(Continued from Page 12.)

The two women glanced at each other. "Friends" of theirs had frequently offered to rent the house, but Mr. Gooch had invariably answered that it was a case of "buy or nothing." It took this lovely little Austrian to get round him. And suddenly Edna Lessingford thought of Sam, and her heart contracted with a sharp spasm of fear, as though a hand had reached in and squeezed it hard.

"You were wise not to buy if you could avoid it," Vanessa said. "It's so pleasant to feel free. If it weren't for my husband and children I wouldn't have a permanent home; I'd travel."

Hansi listened to her visitors, when they spoke, with the closest attention. It was difficult, probably, for her to follow them, but she made her deficient English the excuse for a wide-eyed and flattering interest.

"Ah, I, too, love to travel," she said. "Maybe you have been to Vienna, eh? So much I hope so."

"My husband and I spent our honeymoon there," said Vanessa. "We adored it. Such lovely music and such charming people. I long to go back."

"And you, please?" asked Hansi, turning to her other visitor. "You, too, have been?"

"No, alas!" said Edna. "Sam

By Susan Ertz

my husband, hates travel. What a lovely child your daughter is!"

"She is nice, my Else."

"She's simply enchanting," said Vanessa. "Do let her play with my daughter Margaret. She's six, but she's very good with younger children."

"Oh, but how kind!" said Hansi, delighted. "Then my Else learns good English."

"And perhaps you'll speak German with us sometimes," said Vanessa. "My husband and I both speak a little."

"Already I see I was wise to come here," said Hansi. "So nice people and everything good. Already I am happy. Now I'll come and we have tea."

Nearly an hour later, as the two women were on their way home, Vanessa said:

"I don't think I'll ever forget this afternoon. I feel as though I'd spent it in conversation with an angel."

"An Angel?" repeated Edna.

"I'm not so sure."

"Well, I never saw such a lovely face." And her figure, her hands and feet! Really, I think she's the most perfect being I ever looked at. Charles will go completely mad over her."

"And how will you like that?" asked Edna, a trifle sourly.

"It will probably do him good."

"Oh, you're so full of modern ideas," exclaimed Edna. "Or

you pretend you are. I shall mind if Sam goes mad over her. And I believe it's just what he will do."

"My dear, the only one of us who really has anything to fear is Bertha Tanner. Frank will—well, you know what he is. I believe he dreams of girls like Mrs. Merriden every night of his life, and then wakes to find poor dear Bertha's head on the conjugal pillow."

"Well, I wish she'd never come here," said Edna. "The reason poor Bertha lives in a quiet place like this is to keep Frank away from girls and night clubs and things like that. I think it's too bad."

"I wonder," said Vanessa, "which of our husbands she's apt to like best. They're all fairly good-looking, and not unattractive. Frank's the most impressionable, but she seems fairly intelligent, and I think she'd find him stupid, unless she falls in love with his face and figure. She, might like Charles, of course. Charles is serious-minded and chivalrous, and has an eye for beauty and adores children. Also he speaks German quite well—much better than I do. Sam, I feel sure, she'd like. He's jolly and amusing, and has quite a way with women."

"Oh, for heaven's sake be quiet, Vanessa. How you can think it's amusing to talk like that, I cannot imagine. If Sam fell in love with her I'd be so jealous I'd want to kill her. I'm

jealous already, and he hasn't even seen her."

"I believe," said Vanessa thoughtfully, "joking apart, that if she took a fancy to any of them, it might easily be Charles."

"No, it wouldn't. She'd like a big, easy-going, tender-hearted, gullible idiot like Sam."

"We've only got to wait and see, I suppose," said Vanessa as she reached her gate. "Will you come in awhile?"

"No, thanks. I think I'd better go home and give myself a face massage. Are you going to tell Charles all about her?"

"Certainly, and I advise you to tell Sam. Sing her praises. Men seldom admire the women we rave about. Perhaps the more we rave the less they'll admire."

"Not a hope," said Edna bitterly. "I tried that once before. Well, I'm thoroughly depressed. I feel as though the worst had already happened."

"Don't worry," said Vanessa. "It's a waste of time and nerve tissue." And they parted and each went to her own home.

"It's all very well for Vanessa," thought Edna. "She's probably looking for material for a new novel. Besides, she's got money of her own, and that makes things look different. I hope that girl does take a fancy to Charles."

She took Vanessa's advice, however, and gave Sam a fairly detailed description of their

(Continued on Page 21.)



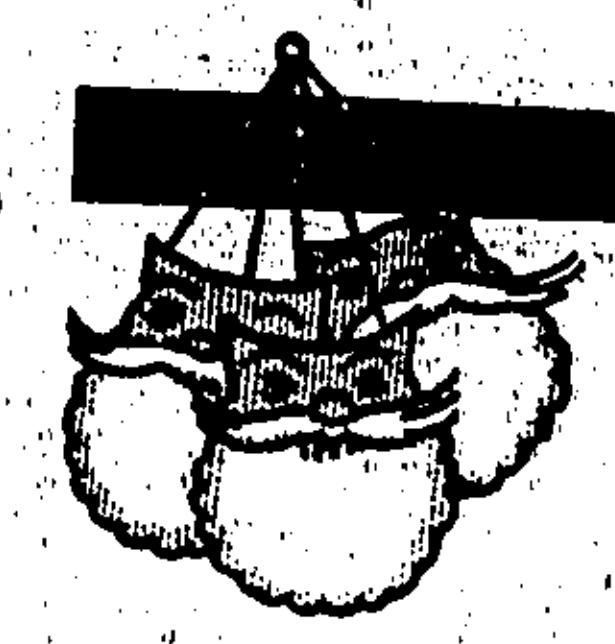
Hansi was an enchanting creature, and Charles had fallen in love with her.



Spectre at a Carnival

The Masque of the Red Death

By Edgar Allan Poe



THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal — the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body and especially upon the face of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massive hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was ample provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven — an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different — as might have been expected from the duke's love of the bizarre. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass whose colour varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue — and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange — the fifth with white — the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only, the colour of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet — a deep blood colour. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro, or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from the lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illuminated the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy, and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute-hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be

stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the duke were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colours and effects. He disregarded the *deco* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric lustre. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great fete; and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and fantasm — much of what has been since seen in "Hermani." There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments.

There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There were much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these — the dreams — writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiffened as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away — they have endured but an instant — and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhing to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a redder light through the blood-coloured panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery apals; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches their ears who indulge in the more remote gaieties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But, now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who revelled. And thus too it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumour of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise — then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

(Continued on Page 25.)

Christmas Humour



GIVING THE SHOW AWAY.

An innkeeper and his wife conducted a goose club every Christmas. The country folk round about always took part in it, with the hope of obtaining a goose or the price of one. The publican



also took tickets for it, and somehow he always won prizes. The simple country folk wondered, but attributed it to good luck. Small pieces of metal were cut, numbered, and put into a large bag, and they were drawn by the publican's seven-year-old daughter. On Christmas Eve the drawing was proceeding gaily, when suddenly there was a stop. The little girl was puzzled, and held her hand in the bag for a time. Her father called for her to be quick, and was almost stunned when she replied: "I can't find the hot one, father!"

Father: "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." Small Boy: "All right, Dad, what about letting me have a go at that Christmas cake now, instead of waiting until to-morrow?"

AS BEFORE.

A man who made a pile out of writing film stories for Hollywood, and lost it all on speculation, has now gone back to writing for the films. A reversion to type, so to speak.

Near-Sighted. "When we are out shopping my husband only looks at the cheapest things," complains an Aberdeen woman.

Chelsea "Bottle" Parties. Ale and arty.

"T" FINANCE. Mussolini has now taken complete control of the Italian Exchequer.

The house was still. All the Christmas guests but one had gone. Suddenly through the silence rang a passionate voice.

"Answer me, Dorothy!" cried the voice. "Answer me. I can bear this suspense no longer!"

"Answer him, Dorothy," echoed the voice of Dorothy's father in the hall, thinking of the coal and electric light bills, "I can't bear this expense much longer."

HEAR, HEAR.

A married man is one who shares with a woman the troubles that he didn't have when he was a bachelor.

A GOOD IDEA.

A live ostrich was a wedding gift to a London bride and bridegroom. They are hoping that the bird takes a fancy to the electro-plated toast-racks.

Answer to Correspondent.

No, Henry, I have not heard of any proposed cut in the wages of sin.

Job for Strong Man.

A new sandwich shop has been opened in London, and the proprietor says he is "out to smash the railway sandwich." I understand that he has gone into strict training.



Child in Pram (to friend): "Of course, the only thing that will put an end to it for good and all is total disarmament."

Should Get on Better.

"I have tried in vain to make an omelette out of doors," writes a camper. Well, now try making it out of eggs.

Molly and Jack were on their way home from Sunday School on the Sunday after Christmas, where the lesson for the day had been on the power of the "evil one."

"Jack," asked Molly, "do you really think there is a devil?"

"Rot!" said Jack scornfully, "memories of Christmas Eve fresh in his mind. "It's like Santa Claus—it's father!"

Not Drastic Enough.

A London hostess says that she always entertains budding young poets to tea and home-made cakes. But it takes more than that to discourage budding young poets.

PICKLED POEM.

Poor Percy Pitt is off the road. His car's not worth a fiver. He understood the Highway Code. But not the woman driver.

COMPETITION.

PROGRESS.

The British motor-car, says a writer, continues to advance. The British pedestrian also is still making rapid strides.

EXPLAINED?

Another shower of pebbles and stones is reported to have fallen in Central Mexico. The latest theory regarding this phenomenon is that at some place near the American border a determined golfer is trying to get out of a sand bunker.

HIGHWAYMEN.

An American visitor says that our motor bandits don't know the first thing about highway robbery. Wait until his car breaks down near a wayside garage.

Poulterer (to woman buying turkey): "This one, madam?" Woman: "No!"

Poulterer: "This one, (pause), this one?"

"Woman: "No!"

Poulterer: "Well, let me know when I'm getting warm."

Problem for the League.

A schooner had to put into Boston (Mass.) harbour after being holed by a swordfish. It is rumoured that the League of Nations may use its powers to persuade swordfish to disarm.

ES AND LBS.

"I've lost five pounds," said he gleefully.

"I've lost five pounds," said she gleefully.

Qualified.

A Birmingham man claims that he has trained his dog to tell the time. Of course, it has always been a watchdog.

HARI! HARI! HARI!

The newest watches tell the time without hands. Well, mine has no feet, but it keeps going.

Joke For The Children.

A barber told the North London magistrate that he preferred cutting hair to shaving. Shear delight.

Most Important Angles.

Right-angles.

Tri-angles.

W-angles.

Mother (entering room prepared for Christmas party): "Where have you been, you naughty boy, your clothes are dripping wet! See what a mess you have made of the carpet!"



Boy: "It's all right. I've just saved six boys and three girls from drowning."

Mother: "How!"

Boy: "They were just going on the ice when I fell through."

KING'S THEATRE

COMMENCING WEDNESDAY, 21st DECEMBER.
DOUBLE ATTRACTION!!

YOU AND THE MILLIONS MADE
THESE TWO KIDS STARS!

YOU AND THE MILLIONS WERE RIGHT. THEIR
FINE PERFORMANCE IN "BAD GIRL" DESERVED
IT. THEIR GREAT WORK IN "DANCE TEAM"
PROVES IT!

JAMES DUNN SALLY EILERS
IN
"DANCE TEAM"
with
MINNA GOMBELL, EDWARD CRANDALL
A FOX PICTURE.



ON THE STAGE

THE CELEBRATED AUSTRALIAN TRIO
JOHN PRIORA GOLDEN-VOICED TENOR.
BERTINI VAGABOND VIOLINIST.
HARRY STORY AT THE PIANO.
"THE BEST BIG TIME ACT" To Play The Far East
Since The Visit Of SIR HARRY LAUDER.

COMING SHORTLY
THE LOVE SECRET NO WOMAN
DARES ADMIT — EVEN TO HERSELF!

FROM THE LIPS OF ONE MAN
TO THE ARMS OF ANOTHER!

Marlene Dietrich in
"BLONDE VENUS"

Before the first one's kisses had faded from
her lips, she longed for the other's embrace
...because she loved them both. What could
she do but flee from love?

Directed by
JOSEF VON STERNBERG
HERBERT MARSHALL • CARY GRANT

COMING SOON.

A Great Star's Greater Achievement!

Here is the Colman you know in "CONDEMNED"
The Colman who startled you "Bulldog Drummond"
NOW GIVING YOU THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME IN
A SENSATIONAL STORY OF SINNERS, SIRENS AND
STRANGE ADVENTURE.



There about this
adventure that
awakened in this
unworldly girl
the first desire
she had ever
known?

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
PRESENTS

RONALD COLMAN

"THE UNHOLY GARDEN"

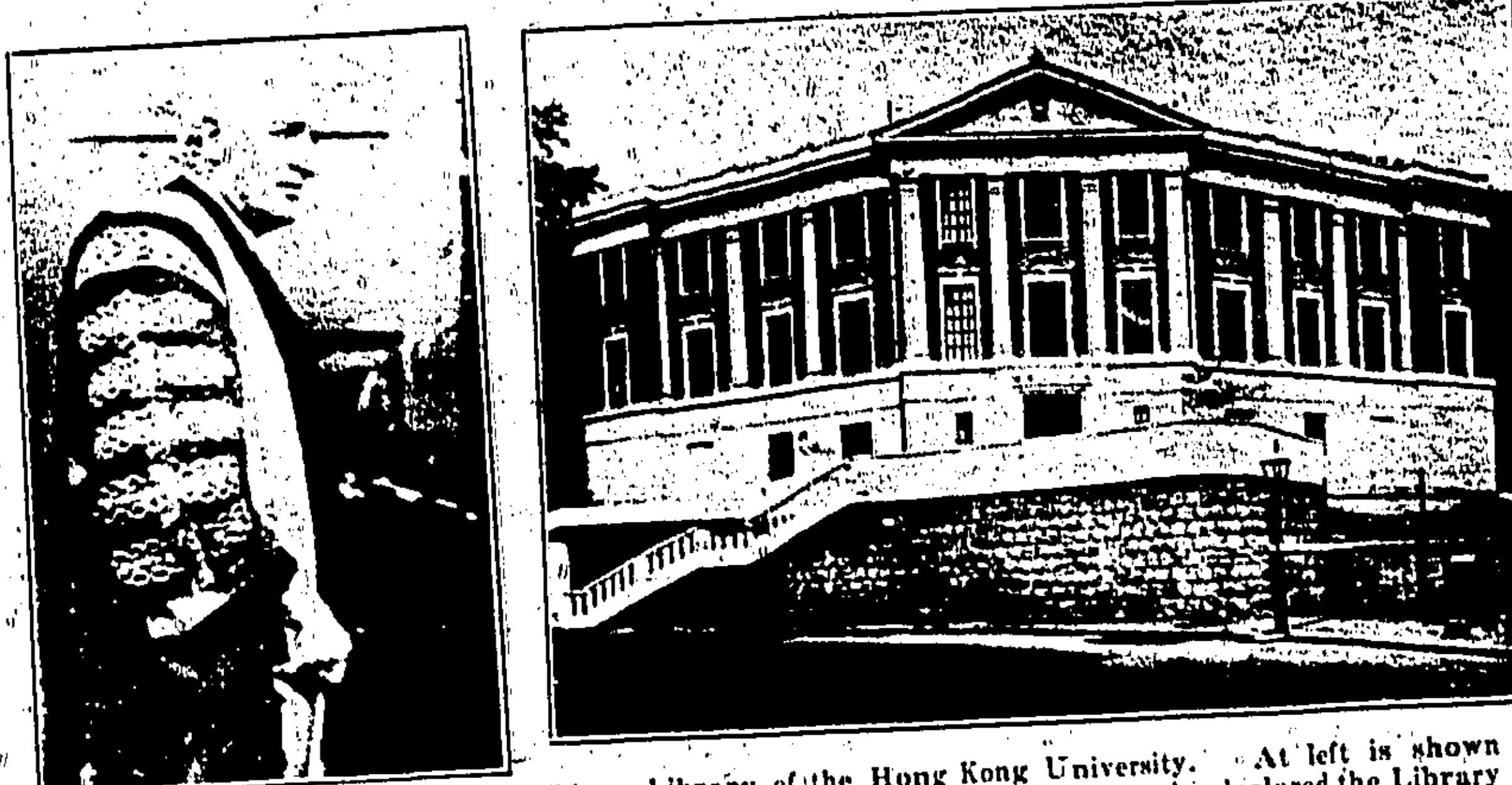
FAY WRAY • ESTELLE TAYLOR • WARREN HYMER
A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION

ACTION INTRIGUE
SUSPENSE ROMANCE.

UNITED
ARTISTS
PICTURE

CHINA MAIL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

17



The new Fung Ping Shan Chinese Library of the Hong Kong University. At left is shown the Chancellor, H. E. the Governor (Sir William Peel, K.C.M.G., K.B.E.) as he declared the Library open last Wednesday.



Pretty June Vlasek, Fox film star, caught in festive mood.



Officers of the Hong Kong Volunteer Defence Corps. A group taken at the Camp last week.



TRAINING THEM YOUNG. — Over 60,000 took part in the National Socialists' Youth Day at Potsdam, Germany, recently. The parade of the young Hitlerites before Adolf Hitler. — (S. & G.)



Charlotte Suss, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's newly-signed German actress, hesitates on her Christmas shopping tour to wish her old and new friends a "Froliche Weihnachten" (Merry Christmas).



Cup hunting with the Whaddon Chase Hunt. After the Kill at the end of a good run. — (S. & G.)



Early winter scenes in Hyde Park. — Nursemaids with their charges enjoying the sunshine. — (S. & G.)



Deer stalking in the Scottish Highlands with Col. George Milne at Mar Forest, Aberdeenshire. Homeward bound at the end of the day. Bringing the stag in across the River Geldie.—(S. & G.)



Opening meet of the South Atherton Hunt at Newham Paddock, near Rugby, Warwickshire. The hounds moving off from Newham Paddock.—(S. & G.)



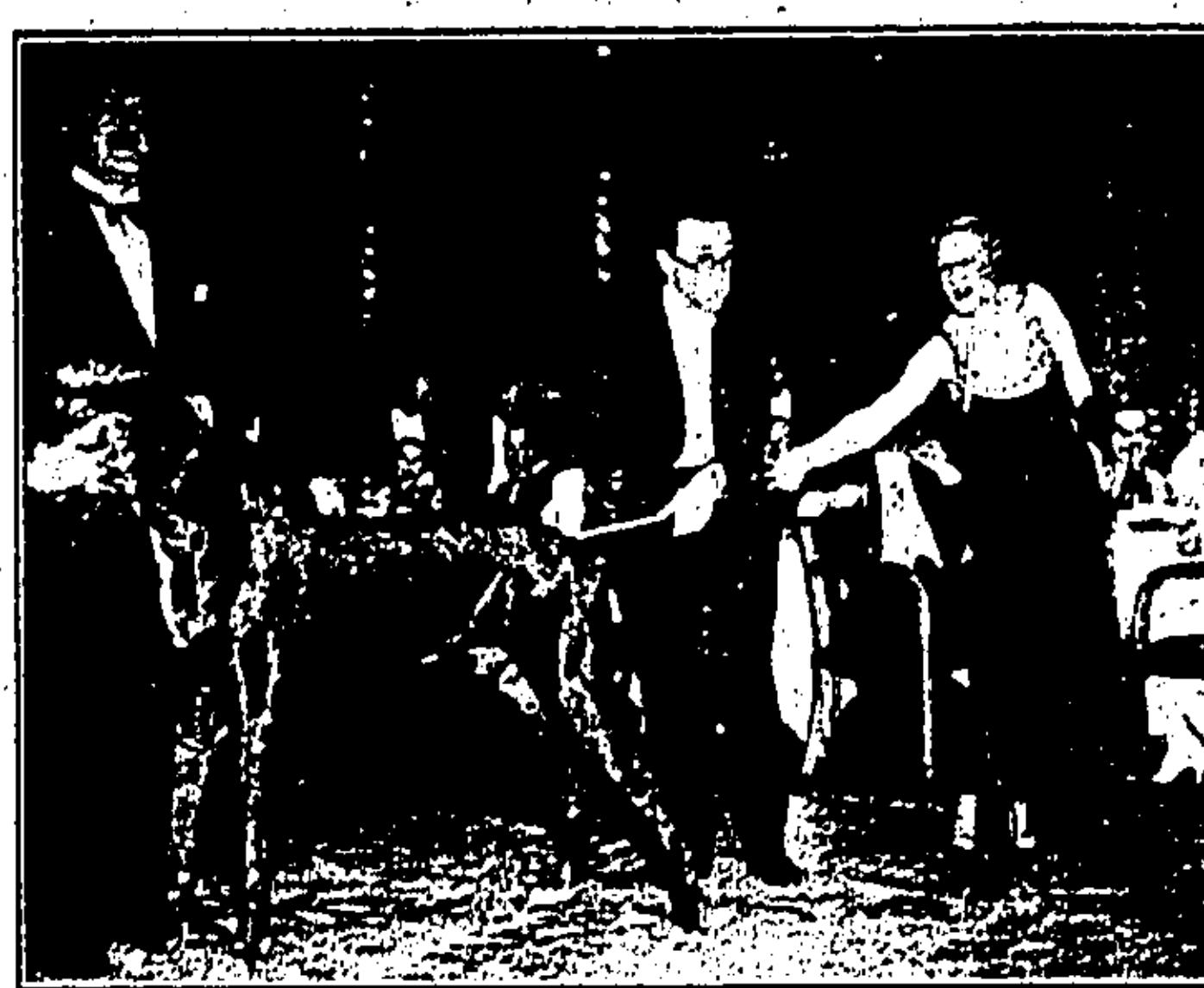
Flying Through The Air. — An excellent action photograph of E. I. Davis (Emmanuel) in the Long Jump at the Cambridge University Athletic Sports, at Fenners on Nov. 7th.—(S. & G.)



"Spanky," member of Hal Roach's "Our Gang" players, proves a generous Santa Claus."—(S. & G.)



A scene which will be enacted all over the world next Sunday.—Pretty girls in attractive uniform, partake of luncheon at a Christmas luncheon.—(S. & G.)



Midnight Dog Show.—The Tail-Waggers Club held a gala night at the Piccadilly Hotel, London, November 3. Competitions were held for dogs with the fastest-wagging tails, for dogs with the longest and shortest tails, and for the biggest and smallest dogs.—(S. & G.)



Opening meet of the South Atherton Hunt. — The hounds eager for a tasty morsel when the sandwiches arrived.—(S. & G.)



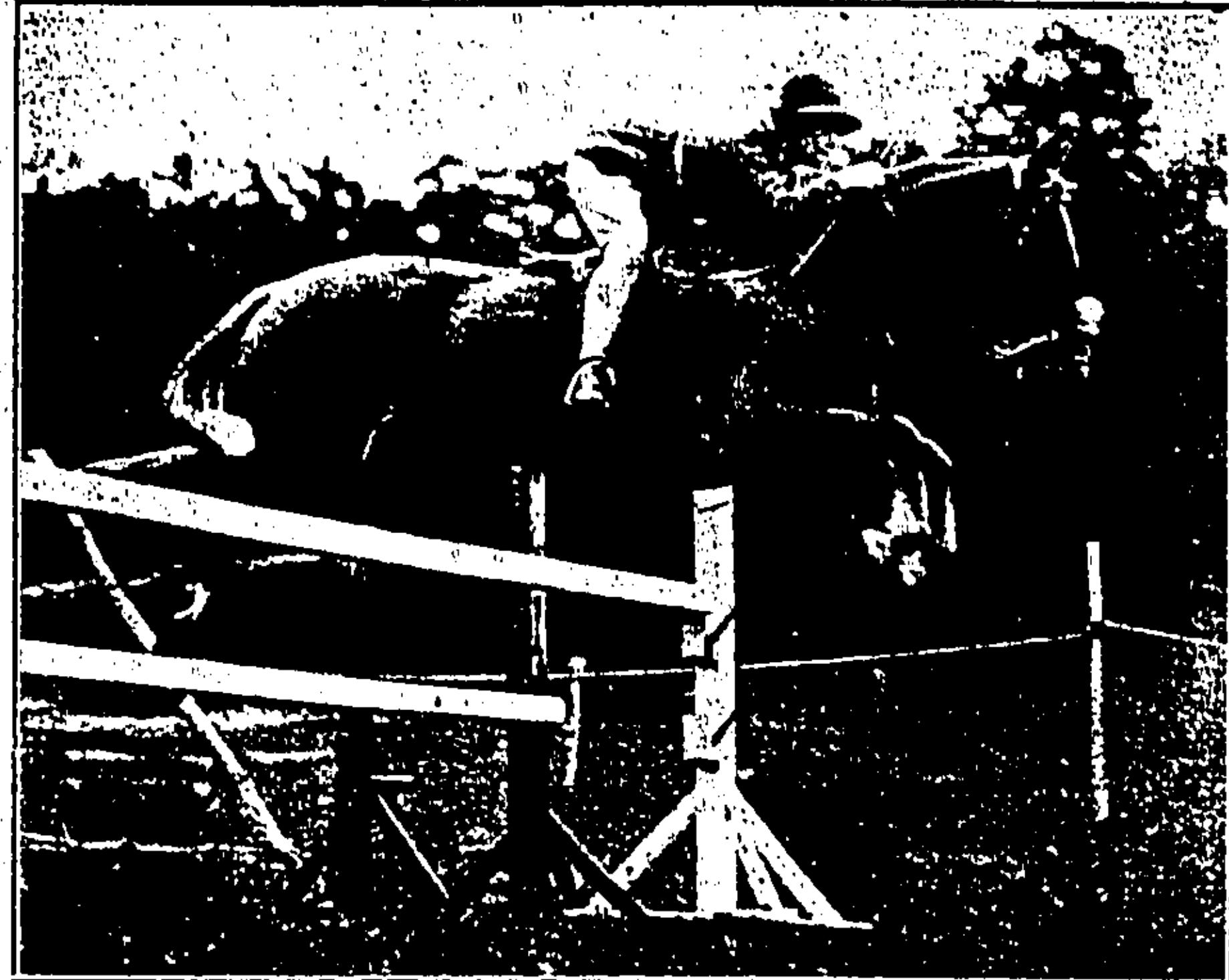
"My Turn Now" said the poodle.—An interesting photograph at the working trials of the Associated Sheep Police and Army Dog Society, at the sports ground, Crystal Palace, London.—(S. & G.)



Marian Nixon, Paramount star, with the largest Christmas Turkey in Hollywood.



"Father Christmas arrives in modern style.—A scene at Heston Aerodrome, Middlesex, where Father Christmas arrived in fine style with his sacks of gifts.—(S. & G.)



The "Pony Club, Groombridge Branch of the Bridge Hunt, Pony Show at Groombridge Place, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Sheila Fairweather on "Timothy," winner in the Jumping, 14 hands and over class, clears the double bar in fine style.—(S. & G.)



Thames Waterman in picturesque attire at the creating of a new Greater London Borough. Heston and Isleworth's Charter Week was opened when H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, handed over the Charter to the Charter Mayor, Councillor H. J. Nias, M.B.E., J.P., at the Borough Boundary on the Great West Road.—(S. & G.)



The "Kidicarrier," which has been invented to save the cost and inconvenience of the perambulator, or push-car, when travelling on short or long journeys, or walking tours in the country. It also prevents the fatigue experienced through carrying a child in the arms.—(S. & G.)



El Brendel, ace comic of the Fox lot, selects his own Christmas tree, true to an old Swedish custom.



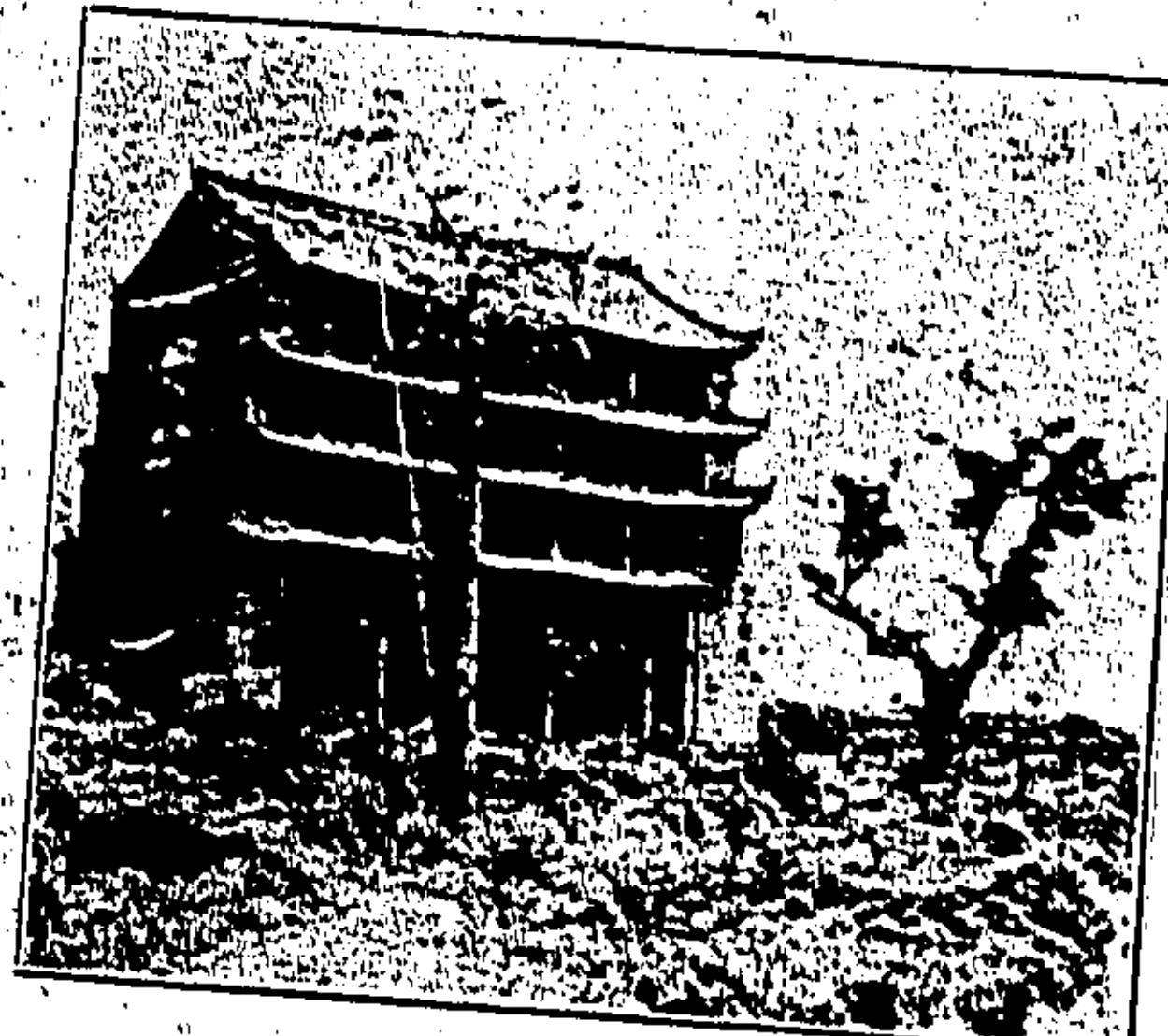
Scotland Has A "Blow." — Scenes at 27th Annual National Band Contest at the Crystal Palace. Little Joan Anderson, the "mascot" of the Staines United Temperance Band, tries playing her father's instrument.—(S. & G.)



Opening of the famous Barnet Fair, Herts, which was founded by Charter of Henry II., and is still the largest fair in the South.—A young Drover rounding up the ponies.—(S. & G.)



Lunch time at the benches at the Kennel Club's show at the Crystal Palace, London. Tempting the Samoyeds with dainty morsels.—(S. & G.)



This five-storey Pagoda in Canton has been converted into a City Museum. It is situated on the Hill of the Goddess of Mercy.

(At left)—A recent photograph of H.E. the Governor, Sir William Peel, K.C.M.G., K.B.E. His Excellency has been busily occupied with administrative duties since he returned, with Lady Peel, to the Colony last month from Home leave.



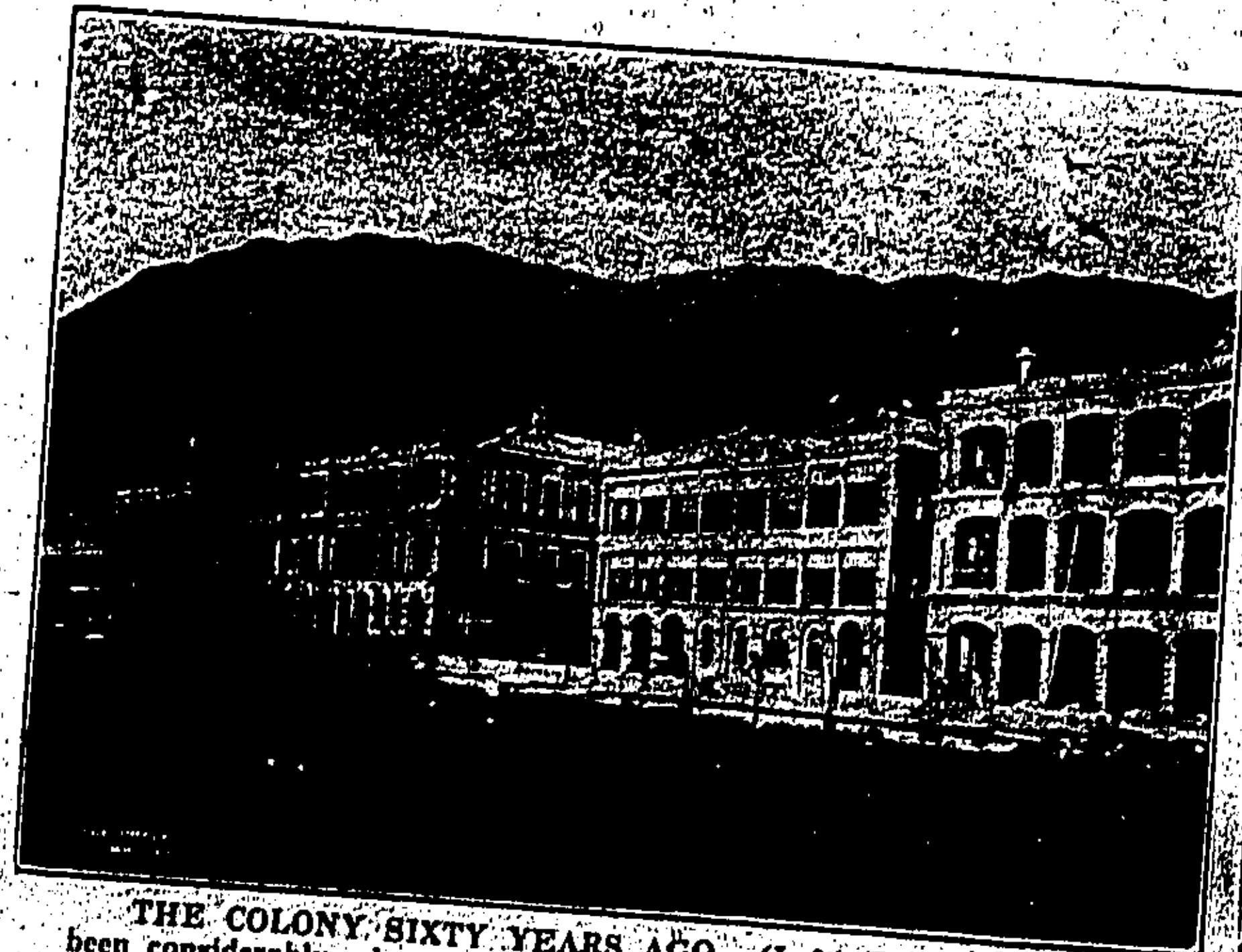
A recent photograph of H.E. Major-General J. W. Sandilands, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who was presented with the Thanks Badge of the Hong Kong Girl Guides last week.



(At right)—The most famous temple in Canton, the Luk Yung Temple. Every year it attracts many visitors. There are restaurants within the wall of the temple.



A section of the Girl Guides taken at the presentation to Major General Sandilands.



THE COLONY SIXTY YEARS AGO.—(Left) The Praya, looking east. (Right) Kowloon. On both sides of the Harbour, the frontages have been considerably advanced with the gradual progress of reclamation. These old views of the Colony serve to illustrate the fact that the *China Mail*, the oldest newspaper in the Far East, was the first paper published in Hong Kong. Founded in 1845, the *China Mail* was for years the official Gazette of the Hong Kong Government. The Government notification on February 26, 1866, signed by Mr. Frederick W. A. Bruce, Colonial Secretary, reads: "It is hereby notified that from and after the 20th instant and until further orders the *China Mail* is to be considered the Official Organ of all Government Notifications."

HANSI

(Continued from Page 13.)

visit.

"Whould have thought," he said, "that The Birches would make a nest for a bird of paradise? Fetch her along. I can hardly wait to see her."

"I don't suppose she'll care about going out," said his wife primly. "She's waiting for her final decree, you see, and she'll want to be quiet."

"Come off it, Edna. Is coming to this house going to interfere with her decree? Ask her to dinner. Ask the whole lot.

There are three bottles of champagne in the cellar, and that's the last there ever will be, by the looks of things. We'll have a feast in her honour, all in slap-up style. After that, the deluge. Buck up now and do as I say. We haven't had a dinner party since the beginning of the slump, and Lord knows when we'll have another."

"Well," said Edna, "if you insist. Only don't grumble at the bills."

"I won't," said he. "I could do with a spot of wanton extravagance." And she noticed that he went off whistling.

At Blythewood, at dinner that evening, Charles Speeder said: "I admit I'm eager to see our little neighbour. There's something extraordinarily attractive about Austrian women. They combine a certain naivete and spontaneity," corrected d

By Susan Ertz

Vanessa.

"...with a great deal of sophisticated charm," Charles went on. "And they know how to dress and how to move. I think they have even more charm than Russian women. They're gay, for one thing."

"This little creature is gay enough," said Vanessa.

"I must show her my photographs of the Tyrol," said Charles. "When are you going to ask her here?"

"Whenever you like. To-morrow night?"

"Yes, do. She must be lonely."

"You'll fall in love with her, Charles."

"Will I? I hope not. It's too upsetting."

At The Copse, Mrs. Tanner, with a little more rouge on her cheeks than usual, said to her husband:

"Well, Boy, and have you seen the pretty lady yet?"

"I've caught one or two glimpses of her."

"Tell Berthie what she looks like. Tell her all about it."

"She's not bad," said Frank, toying with Mrs. Tanner's Pekingese.

"Darling, that's not good enough. Make Berthie a picture of her. Fair or dark?"

"Oh, fair, I should say. Quite fair. The usual eyes, nose, mouth, chin. A little thing, not so tall as Edna."

"And what my clever Boy thinks she is? French? German?"

"Might be French, I suppose.

I dunno."

"Would you like your little Berthie to go and pay call to-morrow? Then she can tell Boy all about it."

"Might as well, I suppose."

"Now, Boy, not to pretend he doesn't care."

"Why should I care?"

"Not care about a nice little new playmate for Berthie?"

"Well, you probably won't like her. Wait and see."

She suddenly dropped the playful manner her friends so deplored, and said, placing a plump hand on his shoulder:

"Darling, you ought to ride again. I'm going to get you a horse."

"Nonsense. It's too expensive."

"Yes, I shall. We'll go to London this week. We'll go to Tattersall's."

"You'll find something cheaper here. Plenty of good nags about."

"I want you to have the best. Julius will love having you to go out with—you on your big fine horse, and he on his pony. What a thrill I shall get when I see my two handsome boys riding off together!"

"Well, it would be nice to be on a horse again." He pushed the Pekke off his lap and got up. "I think I'll go and have a look at the rock garden."

"Wait, then; Berthie come too."

And she trotted upstairs to get her hat.

She called on Mrs. Merriden the next day, and the tall Lisl opened the door and showed her into the drawing-room. She said

something to Mrs. Tanner in German and went out, and Mrs. Tanner, who understood no word of any language but her own, sat down on a big, modern sofa and surveyed the room. The painted walls were bare, the floor was bare, except for two brightly coloured rugs. There was one table, with a reading lamp on it, two armchairs, and a bookcase filled with foreign books in bright paper covers. That was all.

"I don't believe she means to stay long," thought Mrs. Tanner, whose own house was crammed with bric-a-brac, small tables, pictures and potted plants. And she had just reached this optimistic conclusion when the door opened and Hansi came into the room.

Her fair, wavy hair stood up wildly on her head, her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes looked as though she had just come out of a deep sleep.

She was wrapped in a huge robe of white toweling, far too big for her, and wore loose white sandals.

"Oh, how do you do?" she said, taking Mrs. Tanner's hand. "How nice you come and see me. Please excuse this costume. I have so good sun bathe just now, in the garden, and fell asleep."

She suddenly turned her back, slipped the robe down nearly to her waist, and said "See?"

"What Mrs. Tanner saw was a very perfect little back all rosy from the sun."

"The first this year," said Hansi, covering it up again. "Soon I be brown all over. You, too, like to sun bathe, maybe?"

(Continued on Page 24.)

If you aim to please

AT CHRISTMAS

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BOTH USEFUL
AND APPROPRIATE



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WRIST WATCHES

THE IDEAL GIFT

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TOURING COMPANY

(Continued from Page 11.)

quiring mildly what the devil all the row was about, was told to mind his own business by both parties and weighed in with some toughish up-country investigative of his own. The scene, in short, presented another striking example of the lack of the seasonable peace-and-good-will stuff.

Eventually Mr. Wally Gunn retired to his car with the Christmas present he had brought for Sylvie in his pocket and in his heart a fiery resentment against the English cricket team in general and our friend the rapturous Dandy in particular.

Tradition has made a masterful man of the Australian stock-farmer. He has been tanned by the sun and hardened by the rains, and altogether soured through and through by various extremes of weather until he is stout of texture as one of his own stock-whips. On the domestic side he is absolute boss, a he-man in excelsis. Not even the bold, bespangled female trainer of performing lions would stand an earthly chance at the job of hen-pecking a squatter.

Sylvie knew that if she married Wally Gunn it would mean complete surrender, service, obedience, and devotion to duty, which would largely consist of the rather humdrum occupation of brewing, lashings and lashings of tea. But the Australian girl

has become emancipated in these days. Her ambition is to visit England, and in many cases to marry an Englishman. Sylvie had not met many Englishmen, but she had absorbed the yearnings of her school friends in Sydney, and when the glorious figure of Dandy Stratton swam into her ken, wallop went the cause of Wally Gunn. This gentleman, with frame like wrought steel, and a mind almost as solid, was not the type to acknowledge a walloped cause. He occupied the twenty-mile run back to his own station from Jackson Ridge with dour schemes for the immediate and abject crushing of England.

Dandy, being Dandy, was allowed a belated mass of Chicken Maryland, after which he went with some of the boys to the pictures. On his return the hotel clerk delivered a further message from Jackson Ridge.

"Ow, Mr. Stratton, Miss Hile says don't start off in the morning. She's got a car, and I'll call for you here at ten."

"Good-oh!" cried Dandy enthusiastically, in the idiom of the country.

Mr. Pogson, as luck would have it, was within earshot. He immediately became aggressive.

"What's this? What's this? You're expected to spend an entirely inactive and temperate day to-morrow in view of—"

"I'm going to spend a corner," said Dandy. "In view of

the fact that I've discovered that peach."

"What? What's all this about starting off? How far do you intend going?"

"Only about a hundred miles."

"Oh, preposterous! Think of the situation. We are both not out. With any fortune we should succeed in adding at least a hundred runs together on Monday. If you go gadding about all-morrow we shall most certainly do no such thing. What time do you intend getting back here?"

"Oh, in time to run you out," said Dandy.

He went to bed; Gussy, bubbling with indignation, to complain to the manager. But Mr. Braham proved regrettably obtuse and spineless in the matter.

"I'd let Dandy be," he said. "From what I know of him it'll do him good."

"Will it indeed!" cried Gussy. "You mark my words. He'll be dismissed on Monday without addition to his overnight score."

Ten o'clock on Christmas morning found Dandy pacing the steps of the hotel like a panther at feeding-time. A brawny son of the soil wearing an open net-work shirt and an enormous hat disengaged himself from an obsolete touring model and approached him.

"You, Stratton?"

"Yes."

"Jump in. Sylvie stopped

half-way to call on some friends. Christmas greetings and that."

By Ben Travers

She didn't want to keep you waiting. So we're to pick her up on the way back."

"Oh," said Dandy without marked pleasure. "I suppose you're the—the fellow she spoke about on the phone?"

"Too right," assented Mr. Gunn.

The tourer, though a pretty pacey vehicle for a veteran, proceeded about as silently as a hot number played by a negro band. Nor did Mr. Gunn himself encourage conversation. In fact, after his opening statement, he confined himself almost exclusively to replies of one syllable. But Dandy was not in an inquiring mood, and was content for the most part to gaze at somewhat uninspiring country, consisting largely of gum trees, and to revel in the delights of anticipation.

The route was attractive enough at first—across the Hawke-River and bearing up towards the eastern foot of the Blue Mountains. But soon Mr. Gunn swung off along an exceedingly secondary track and incited the steaming tourer to explore a very hot, dusty, and unfrequented stretch of country. Dandy wasn't worrying what the district was like so long as it contained Sylvie. At length Wally Gunn brought the car to rest at a spot where an isolated bungalow stood about a hundred yards back from the road in a plantation, and jerked a horny thumb.

(Continued on Page 23.)

Specialties for the Festive Season

XMAS & NEW YEAR HAMPERS.

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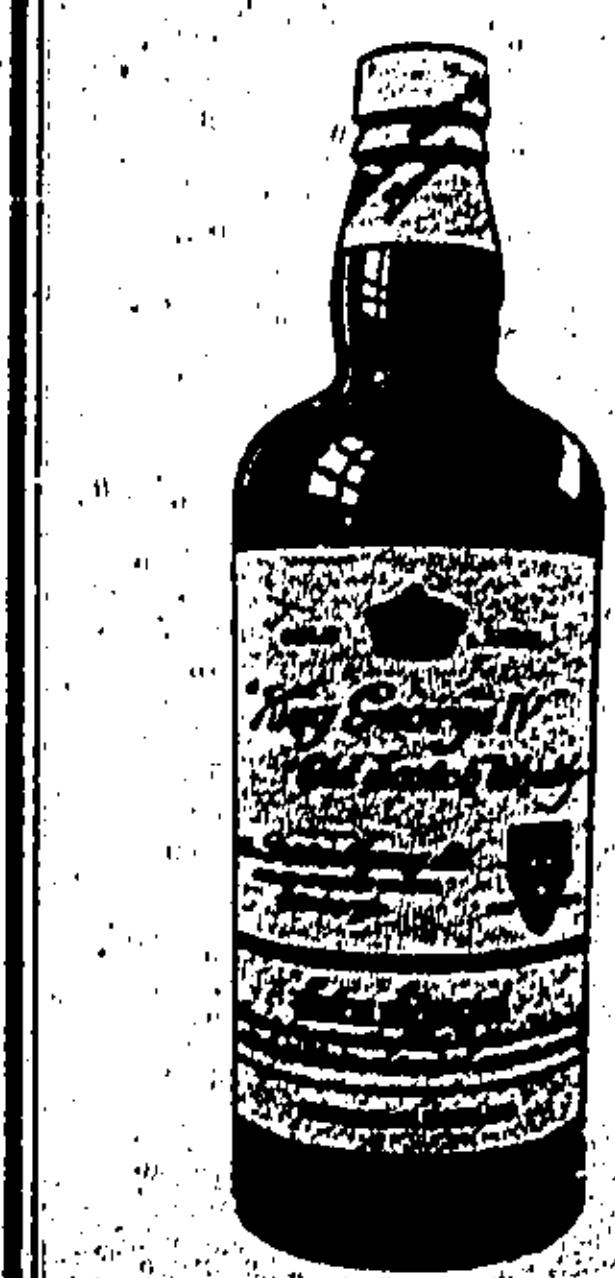
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HONG KONG.

(Continued from Page 22.)

"That's where Sylvie is," he said. "Care to getter?" "You bet," said Dandy. He leapt from the car, and ran up the steep bank from the roadway to the plantation. Here he suddenly pulled up. Through the trees he got for the first time a clear view of the bungalow. It was a tumble-down shack, dilapidated, windowless, and deserted.

Dandy swung round. From the roadway resounded the metallic scream of some tortuous gear-changing. Next moment the tourer was beating its fuming retreat in a cloud of dust.

At one o'clock, Dad, who was lacking in sentimentality regarding the observances of Christmas, came licking the dust from his gaiters with a crop and shouting to Sylvie for what he called his "tucker." This, in the form of the most recherche Christmas dinner that Sylvie could manage, was all prepared; so, after a deliberate and very successful toilet was Sylvie herself. She was waiting outside the rough wooden gate at the foot of the short drive, anxiously scanning the long bare stretch of road.

She shouted back suddenly and eagerly, "Hold on, Dad. Here's a car at last." The reply of Dad, who was hungry, was fortunately confined to soliloquy.

Sylvie's face fell. She recognized the tourer. Wally Gunn, his network shirt begrimed with the dust of the road, was, like his car, obviously overheated; but at least he could not complain that

his reception was too warm.

As he walked with her up the drive he took sardonic stock of Sylvie in her disconsolate best. "What are you marked about?" he inquired. "I s'pows your bloke hasn't come after all, eh?" "He must have lost his way."

"Ow, he couldn't have done Straight road."

"He started all right," said Sylvie. "I rang up the hotel at twelve o'clock, and they said he went off this morning as arranged."

Wally laughed curtly. "What d'you s'pows you mean to a-cove like that? Every Jane in town ready to make a fuss of 'em. I'll bet he's hooked on to something else."

"Don't you pull any more of that stuff on me, you hulking great guzzling tough," she cried.

"I'll wait and find someone thoroughbred, thank you. You can go back to your station and rope you steers and brand them. You won't treat me that way."

This, of course, prompted Mr. Gunn's moment of triumph. The darned little cat must be shown that he was more than a match for her blinking cricketing coves. In a raucous outburst of angry delight he told her how her friend, Mr. Dandy Stratton, had been fooled and where and how he was spending his Christmas. He chortled to see the fire of anger in Sylvie's eyes give way to welling consternation.

"So that's what your game's been," she said in a choking voice. "Well, that's settled you with me."

"And him," said Wally. "The cow can't get the better of me."

He brought his great hands

together with a bang of delight. Even as he did so, Sylvie in a flash was through the front door. It slammed behind her, and by the time Wally had it open she was down the drive. She vaulted the wooden gate in her stride. Once more the tourer screeched into gear and thundered into flight.

When Dad arose from his siesta he found Wally Gunn striding about the sitting-room, threatening the ornaments, and muttering language calculated to ignite the furniture. But Dad, whose long association with cattle had perhaps rendered him somewhat bovine himself, merely jerked a heedless head, and went out to spend the rest of his Christmas afternoon in his favourite company. So Wally remained alone, save for some domestic nesciency in the rear of the house, and snorted the hours away.

At about six o'clock the telephone bell rang. Wally caught up the receiver angrily. A very refined and precise English voice hailed him from Sydney in an apprehensive tenor. Wally set his teeth. Another of these blasted cricketers.

Mr. Pogson meant to get Dandy back at a reasonable hour, and was taking no chances. But he failed to get much satisfaction. On the contrary, he was merely told to go and bolt himself.

"Come, now," said Gussy. "You'll pardon me. But the hotel clerk knows he went there."

"You pardon yer something. He's not here now."

(Continued on Page 28.)



**Our Christmas Message;
"We are Ready"**

THE Spirit of Christmas is everywhere . . . but nowhere is it more vitally real than here at LANE, CRAWFORD'S, where no effort has been spared to carry out the Yuletide tradition of joy and happiness. You'll feel it the moment you enter the store; you'll sense it in the timely gift suggestions we've arranged in groups for your convenience; you'll shop in comfort and with confidence, secure in the knowledge that our trained organization is intent upon aiding you in making this a season to be remembered. Don't fail to visit the store for the sheer joy of seeing the timely decorations, renewing and re-living old thrills by a trip through TOYLAND, bringing the kiddies to partake of the fun and try our LUCKY DIP.

Christmas Suggestions can best be had by paying us a visit — you don't have to buy anything, just drop down to the EXCHANGE RESTAURANT for tea and later take the lift of the Land of Christmas Suggestions.

LANE, CRAWFORD LTD.

Exchange Building.

Hong Kong.

HANSI

(Continued from Page 21.)

"Well, no," said Bertha, trying to hide her surprise and embarrassment at this highly informal behaviour. "I don't believe it would be good for me. A great many people here do practice it, though. Of course, there aren't very many days in England when the sun is hot enough."

"Oh, but so good it is for everyone. Please come here where there is nobody but me and Else and Lisl, and you try it. I find you good place where you will be quite, quite alone. Two days only the gardener is here."

"Well," said Bertha, "I'll think about it."

"And now, please, it is such a nice day, perhaps you come out and have tea. My Else is there; I like you should see my Else."

"I'd love to," said Bertha, and followed her hostess into the bare little dining room and out through French windows into the somewhat unkempt garden.

The sight of Else in a tiny white bathing suit made her catch her breath.

"What an exquisite child!"

"She is nice. . . . Come here, bad girl, and say how do you do to this lady."

The child ran to Bertha and seized her hand in both her tiny ones.

"Tante Marie!" she shrilled. "Tante Marie! Tante Marie!"

"No, no, Liebchen, it is not Tante Marie. It is our neighbour, Mrs. Tanner."

"Tante Marie!" cried the child, laughing excitedly.

"So funny that is," explained Hansi. "In Paris I have an Aunt Marie, and it is true that she look like you a little. Please do not mind. She is so nice lady, and handsome too. I love her, and Else love her. She will love you because you look like her."

"Call me Aunt Bertha," said that lady impulsively, but the child continued to dance about her, laughing and saying, "Tante Marie, Tante Marie."

"No, silly one, it is Tante Bertha," insisted Hansi, and eventually Else kissed Bertha on the cheek and called her, with much laughter, "Tante Bertha."

Satisfaction and dread filled Bertha's heart. Never had she been made to feel more quickly at her ease—but so, probably, would Frank be made to feel. Never had she felt herself to be accepted so completely as by these two delightful beings—but so, probably, would they accept Frank. Hansi, still wrapped in her white toweling, poured out the tea and talked to Bertha about her childhood, about her life in Vienna, about her marriage.

"My mother, she never liked Geoffrey," she said, "but bad girl I was. I didn't listen."

Bertha was completely charmed. Hansi was no respecter of age, and talked to Bertha as she might have talked to a contemporary, and the middle-aged woman loved it. When she got up to go, Hansi went with her to the gate, and after accepting an invitation to dine at The Copse on Saturday, said, laughing and showing her pretty,

CHINA MAIL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

By Susan Ertz

white teeth:

"Good-by, Tante Bertha!" When Bertha reached home, Frank appeared with almost suspicious promptness, and said: "Well, what was she like? How did you get on?"

Bertha settled herself in a comfortable chair, as she always did when she had a tale to tell, and gave him a lengthy description of her visit.

"And, darling," she said finally, "she's coming here to dinner on Saturday evening, and I thought we'd ask the Speeders and the Lessingfords as well." I think you'll admire her, though, of course, she's very young—only twenty-two—and I know you like rather more matured women. But she is quite charming, and the little Else is adorable. What do you think? They called me —" And then she stopped and thought: "Tante? Tante? Had I better tell him that? It's all right for the child to have called me that, but for the girl? No, I don't think so." And she amended it: "They called me Bertha. That's French for Bertha. And I called her Hansi."

"Hansi?" said Frank. "Hansi?"

And for the rest of the day, it seemed to him that riserative bird took up its abode in his head, and kept uttering the word, "Hansi," so loudly that he thought anyone must hear it. Hansi came and dined and conquered. First at the Speeders', then at the Tanners, then at the Lessingfords'. At first the women were loud in their admirations, busy in their praises, but then, as they found that their admiration appeared pale beside that of the three men, and their praises became wholly superfluous, they began to withdraw a little, to recant, to find faults where before they had seen only perfections.

Presently Vanessa alone of the three women kept up her friendly attitude. She went to The Birches to talk German with Hansi, or asked Hansi to Blythewood to take English lessons from her. Sometimes they took walks together. Margaret had taken Else under her wing and the two were inseparable, but there were soon no more dinner parties, no more invitations for the evening.

There was not the slightest doubt that all three men were, in their different ways, completely fascinated. The silent Tanner was perhaps the most violently and painfully attracted. Bertha soon noticed how the grass was worn down into a little track leading across the lawn of The Copse to a gap in the hedge of The Birches. Hansi was the very embodiment, the perfect epitome of everything Frank Tanner admired, and Bertha knew it. She resembled, but exceeded in loveliness, all the girls at whose pictures he looked so wistfully in the magazines of the film and stage, and of the German nature-culture magazines he sometimes smuggled into the house for their photographic studies of beautiful and healthy German girls by lake or sea or forest. The first night that he

met her, he knew himself to be her prisoner. She wore a tightly fitting, scanty, but perfectly cut blue satin dress. She seemed to all three of the men the very spirit of all the gay and charming heroines of the Viennese light operas. She was the very spirit of the Johann Strauss waltzes. And she could even play them.

Only Frank Tanner was furtive about it. He would slip away to The Birches, and return, if he could, unobserved. Charles Speeder and Sam Lessingford made no secret of their visits, but went frequently and openly and even unashamedly to see her. Bertha hoped that the arrival of the new saddle horse would divert Frank's thoughts. But he had only been riding it for ten days when Hansi, too, decided to ride, and a quite presentable hack was brought to her every morning from the livery stable in Maddington. Then Hansi and Frank and the boy, Julius, would go gayly off together. It was not to be borne.

Only Vanessa remained loyal. Hansi was an enchanting creature, dowered—and that was no fault of hers—with every charm, and the fact that Charles, like Sam and Frank, had quite obviously fallen in love with her altered nothing. Her complete naturalness and gaiety, her acceptance of life and any pleasant thing it might bring, her delightful animal spirits, were irresistible; and Vanessa took all this into account, and strove to discipline her thoughts and feelings. She was sorry for Bertha, she was even sorry for Edna, but she resolutely refused to be sorry for herself.

Bertha was the first to revolt and retaliate, and the weapons she employed were those that, situated as she was, lay most readily at hand. She knew only too well that tears and scenes were useless. She would make herself repulsive and ridiculous, and cause Frank to say things to her that she might never be able to forget when the longed-for time came that her quivering nerves cried out for, when both would wish to forget.

Firmly, regretfully, she cut down his allowance to one-third its former size.

"You so seldom wish to go to London nowadays," she said. "And a few days later a horse dealer appeared.

"What's he want?" asked Frank.

"He's going to make an offer for Swallow, dear," she said quietly. "I'm afraid I find him too expensive to keep."

Frank said nothing at all. He understood perfectly, and she knew he did.

At the Lessingfords' things were not much better. Sam's life had for many years past been dull, uneventful—"except for financial disasters" and disappointing. He had hoped for children.

He had boasted that by the time he was forty-five he'd be able to retire and enjoy an expensive leisure. He was now forty-seven, and hard pressed for money. He occasionally lunched in London with some charmer without mentioning the fact to Edna, but shortage of money kept him from

the kind of indiscretions in which some of his luckier associates were apt to indulge. And now, here, at his very door, was the perfect inspiration of all the indiscretions of which he had ever dreamed. Hansi was foreign, she belonged to a world he couldn't even visualise, she seemed untarnished and untouched by the world he knew. She had no roots there; no roots, it seemed, anywhere. She didn't own that house she lived in; she had few possessions, she hadn't even a husband—she was freeing herself from him and from matrimony—she had only that fairy child, Else, and the strong, devoted Lisl. She possessed for the dull and disappointed man all the heartbreaking loveliness of dear and transient things. Had he been able to put his feelings into words, he might have said that she was the music that delights the rapt ear and, at the very moment of enchantment, descends upon the air.

And an awareness of all this was turning Edna into a shrew, a wildcat, a devil. She wanted to punish him and could think of no way that would not cut her own throat as well as his. She felt reduced, shabby, put aside. When he went to The Birches with some little toy for Else that he had bought in the City, she would sulk and refuse to speak to him. Or she pictured to herself passionate scenes in which Sam, turned suddenly into Don Juan, surpassed all the love-making of screen or stage. She wore herself out with tears and reproaches, and Sam—who had nothing more to confess or hide than the fact that Hansi had once laid her open palm lightly on his bald patch—treated these with unconcealed impatience. Poor Edna was weaponless, penniless, anguished, humiliated. She had, she finally decided, only one recourse, only one answer—she took to her bed; she "went sick."

At Blythewood, though Charles freely admitted that he couldn't get Hansi out of his head, things were somewhat better. Vanessa tried to keep her sense of humour and Charles' confidence.

"I always supposed one of us would go through this some time," she said, "and in a way I'm glad it's you."

"I'm glad it's me too," he said, "because I know exactly what's going on in my own head, and I might not have known what was going on in yours."

"How bad is it, Charles?"

"I don't quite know," he said. "That is, I know what I feel about her, but I don't know precisely how far it's gone, or how much I should be upset and made unhappy if she were to die, or go away."

"And what, exactly, do you feel about her?"

"I supposed it's partly her delightful accent," said Charles thoughtfully, "that attracts me. And partly her oddly quickly intelligence; partly, of course—oh, 80 per cent, if you like—her extraordinary physical charm and her youth and frankness. And there's her background—which I happen to know well, and to be fond of. I know the very street in Vienna where she was born. I know all the lovely places in the hills that she knows. When she talks to Else in German, I—well, she sim-

(Continued on Page 32)

Spectre at a Carnival

(Continued from Page 14.)

In an assembly of fantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade licence of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Herod'd Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that, in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revellers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in blood—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was

besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which, with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its role, stalked to and fro among the waltzers, he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?"—he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang, at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly, for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the

whole party, there were found none who put forth a hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and, while the vast assembly as if with one impulse, shrank from the centre of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber, to the purple—through the purple, to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white—and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage, and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer.

There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterward, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revellers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood

erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in utterable horror at finding the grave cements and corpse-like mask which they handled with so violent a rudeness untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revellers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

THE END.

GLOOMY SHOW.

A "dramatic performance given at a prison is reported. I understand there was some disappointment among the audience because the "officials" did not open any bars.

HA! HA! HA!

A local cricket-field modelled in butter is on show in Birmingham. The fingers of some of the fieldsmen are said to look extremely realistic.

Cause and Effect.

A South-London woman of 107 has never ridden in a motor-car. Which probably explains why she is 107.

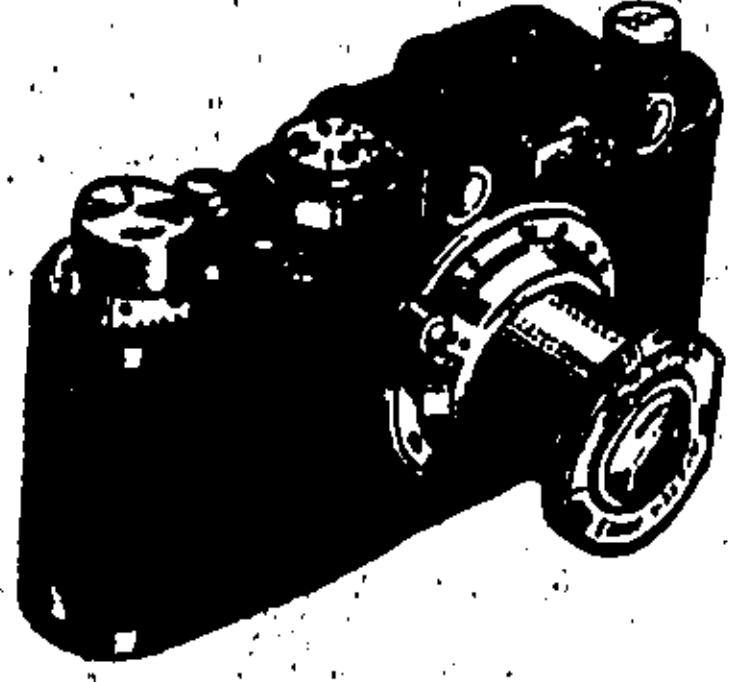
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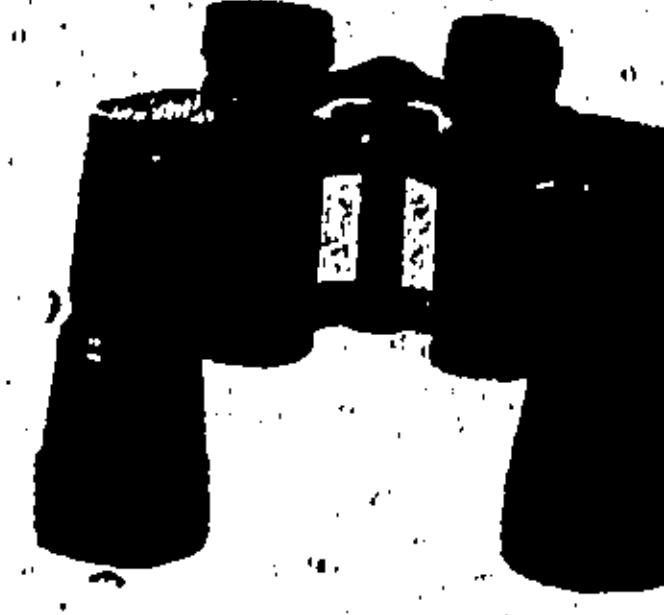
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WHEN OTHER GIFTS
HAVE GONE AND WILL
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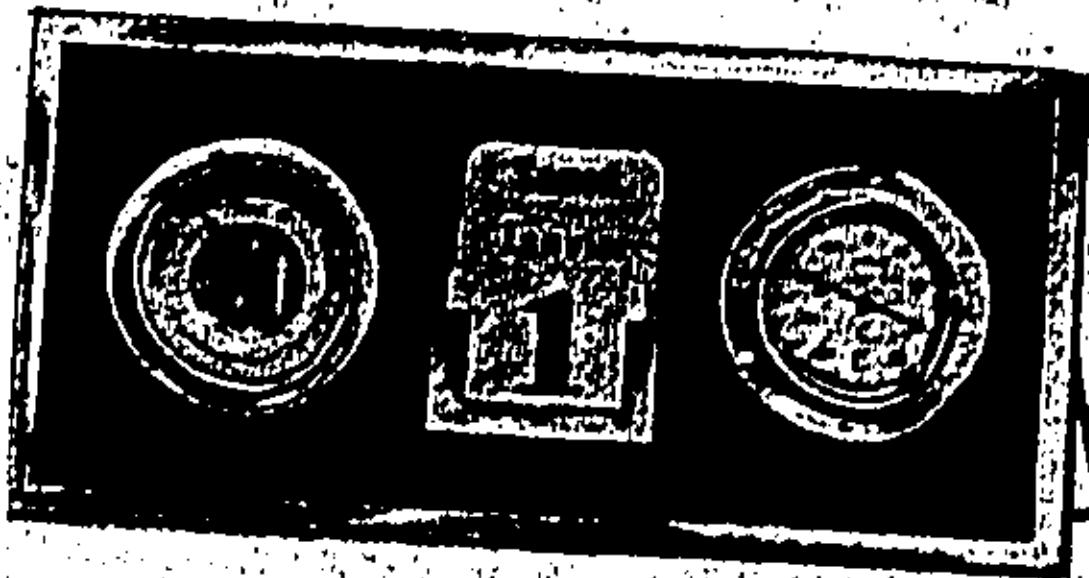
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TOURING COMPANY

(Continued from Page 23.)

"What? But he'll be coming back there?"

"He'd better," said Wally. "He's got my car. And I tell you this, he'll blank well get no blank ride back to Sydney in it, so you can blank well send for him."

"What? Come, please. I'm entitled to receive at least a modicum of cordiality. I've no means of knowing the cause of your attitude, which I may tell you, is in direct contrast to the universal spirit of hospitality and consideration which prevails. Hallo! Hallo! Oh, infamous!"

Gus dashed off to find Brahams. "Harry! About Stratton. It sounds serious to me. Heaven knows who's got hold of the irresponsible idiot — bushrangers I should imagine."

"Oh, he'll come back all right."

Gussy told the hotel clerk to let Jackson Ridge know he was on his way — otherwise to hold his tongue. Then, having obtained details of the route, he devoured a hasty meal and sailed forth full of wrath and indigestion. That the captaincy of so gallant and conscientious a man should ever have been subjected to adverse criticism in the press was positively insufferable.

He was too conscientious, really; he drove too fast. If only he'd been a trifle slower he would have met Sylvie driving Dandy back to his headquarters for dinner.

Three-and-a-half hours in the shack provided Dandy with ample sufficient inaction and temperance.

At half-past-three he sallied forth into the wilderness to discover some sort of friendship in need. And as he jumped down the bank into the roadway he heard the familiar din of the tourer and, rising above it, a seraphic feminine "Cooee." For the next hour Dandy forgot his anxiety to see Mr. Wally Gunn again and even disregarded the claims of thirst. He dallied on the cast-iron cushions of the tourer and embraced his Sylvie 'neath the shade of the gum.

Presently she delighted a household of friends on the main road to Sydney by bringing Dandy Stratton in for some well-earned refreshment. She restored Dandy to the car and resumed the run to Sydney exactly five minutes after Gussy had gone hurtling past the house in the opposite direction.

"You can't go back to-night, you know," said Dandy, when at length they reached the hotel.

"To-night?" replied Sylvie. "Not me. I've friends where I can put up. I shan't go back at all till after you're out. Otherwise I shouldn't see any more of you."

"Oh, won't you? Anyhow, that's a bet — you don't go home till after I'm out?"

"Absolutely. And not too quickly then."

Harry Brahams, slightly agitated for once, came bustling up.

"Has Gus come back with you?"

"Gus? No! Why?"

"Hell! He dashed off in a car to find you!"

"What? But it means a two-hundred-mile run. Silly little fusspot; he might have known I'd be back in good time."

"He won't be," reflected the manager.

They telephoned Jackson Ridge, but Mr. Pogson had not yet appeared. Dandy, however, had the satisfaction of thanking Mr. Gunn for the loan of his car, which Miss Hale would return to him in due course. Mr. Gunn's reply was wasted on the void. But he was rude to Dad, who bunged him out of the house and refused to lend him a horse. So he left Jackson Ridge on a trek of twenty miles back to his own station. His manner of progress was not unlike that of a very slow-motion comet.

Thus, when Gussy made his arbitrary descent on the station, it was left to Dad to give a puzzled and involved account of the day's proceedings, and to rack Gussy's already impaired digestion with a well-meant peace offering of home-made wine. The actual hour of his arrival back in Sydney was never revealed; but his disposition, as he padded himself for action on Monday, was one of silent but seething disdain for his fellow batsman.

By Ben Travers

"I'm feeling fine," said Dandy, as they walked together to the wicket. "Are you feeling fine, Gus?"

"No, most certainly I am feeling nothing of the sort. All your fault. I shall make nought, and you'll have it on your conscience. It's up to you now, so be careful. Avoid making that hook shot off your head at short-pitched deliveries."

"Oh rats!"

"Rats, indeed! Now, once and for all, will you cease staring at that women's enclosure? Even now, on your way to bat, you keep looking back over your shoulder."

"O.K., Gus. She's there. And she's sworn to stay till after I'm out. There's an inspiration for you. Why, you'll probably make hundred yourself, owing to the fact that you've been distantly associated with the sweet thing."

"Distantly is right," said Gussy peevishly.

The account of the day's play, as cabled to England, began as follows:

"England enjoyed a triumph at Sydney, getting to within 40 of Australia's total for the loss of four wickets. Pogson, after being missed twice before scoring, contributed a valiant 70. The feature of the day's play was a magnificent innings by Stratton, who scored 231, and remained undefeated at the close. . . ."

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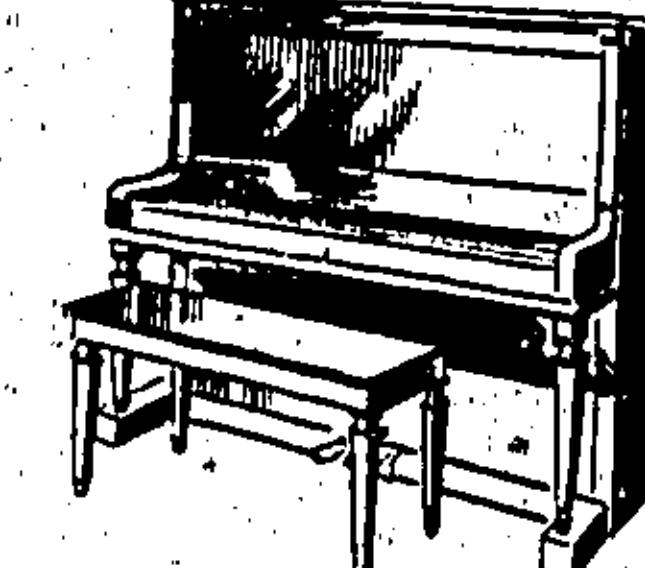
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Christmas Day With Their Majesties

By Hubert
Harwood

NOWHERE in the British Empire is Christmas observed with a more whole-hearted zest and enjoyment than at Sandringham, where the King and Queen love to spend their Yuletide; and nowhere have Christmas festivities a more splendid setting.

Certainly no country-house in England is more adaptable for festivities on a large scale than is the King's Norfolk home, with its magnificent rooms—its ballroom, its great central hall, its conservatories, and its spacious corridors, ideal for romps and games. Before the festivities begin let us take a brief glance at the interior of this regal home.

The central hall is the room always used for five o'clock tea, and it is here that their Majesties always receive their guests for the Christmas house gathering, the Queen herself invariably presiding at one of the large, low, round tea-tables. A grand piano is one of its principal features.

Pictures in massive gilded frames, adorn the walls, and luxuriously appointed easy chairs and sofas, besides any number of "occasional" small tables, with smoking accessories, mark it out as the principal sitting-room of

this Royal country-house, besides which glorious hothouse plants and cut flowers abound.

Largest Ballroom.

The ballroom is the largest room at Sandringham. Immensely lofty, with arched and fretted ceiling, it has at each end deep bay windows, other windows piercing the alveus. The electric lighting here takes the form of "suns," depending from the ceiling, after the recently adopted design in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle.

The flooring is of polished oak, high oak paneling, too, running right round the walls, while above this again are grouped ancient weapons of war which, with other trophies here displayed, were brought by King Edward from his tour in India.

The great dining room is a truly regal apartment, and here hang the superb tapestries, a gift from the King of Spain (father of King Alfonso) to King Edward when Prince of Wales.

At the further end two doors flanked by tapestry hangings, open direct into the great corridor, and the ceiling of this room is fretted and adorned with massive gilding. During the Christmas week the great sideboard literally groans beneath its weight of Christmas dishes.

Here may be seen the boar's head, also the woodcock pies and the famous Strasbourg pates, all Christmas gifts from crowned heads.

Then there is the small "sucking pig," with lemon in mouth, to say nothing of the famous Oxford brawn; and on occasion that Royal bird, the swan, may be killed and dressed for the King's Christmas table.

Such are the three principal rooms in their beloved Sandringham, in which their Majesties, laying aside all formality and ceremonial, will throw themselves into Yuletide fun and frolic and feasting as heartily as any of their subjects. Picture them in this splendid setting, every room and corridor richly decorated with holly and other greenery, not forgetting the mistletoe, prepared to enjoy their Christmas Day with as keen a zest as when they were children.

As in tens of thousands of other British homes, Christmas Day opens with an exchange of hearty greetings, and the reading of countless letters and cards with their expressions of good wishes and goodwill. Then follows breakfast, an informal meal, full of jollity and laughter in which, we may be sure, the King and Queen join heartily. And then comes divine service in the little church of St. Mary, to which the Royal family and their guests usually walk across the Park.

The church presents a charming picture, with its wealth of Christmas decorations, the body of the church filled with the attendant suits, servants from the

"great house," school-children, and as many villagers as it will accommodate, while the Royal family and their guests sit in the chancel. The service is of the simplest, with Christmas hymns and anthems chosen by the King himself, who joins as lustily in the singing as any of the choirboys.

Old-Fashioned "Spread."

All that differentiates the service from that in thousands of other churches is that the congregation rise and remain standing while the Royal party enters and leaves the building.

The service over, and after a stroll through the grounds and an inspection of the stables and kennels, luncheon follows a regular old-fashioned Christmas spread with all the sumptuous dainties displayed. The supreme moment arrives when one of the chefs enters bearing aloft a huge Christmas pudding surrounded with flames. Rather an amusing incident occurred in connection with this pudding a few years ago.

By some mischance rather more spirit than usual had poured over it, and for a time it resisted the whole of the efforts of those who tried to extinguish it. The efforts excited each one to mirth until they could not blow for laughing. All the time the pudding went on burning away merrily, until the King playfully suggested that it might be as well to summon the private fire brigade to it!

(Continued on Page 30.)

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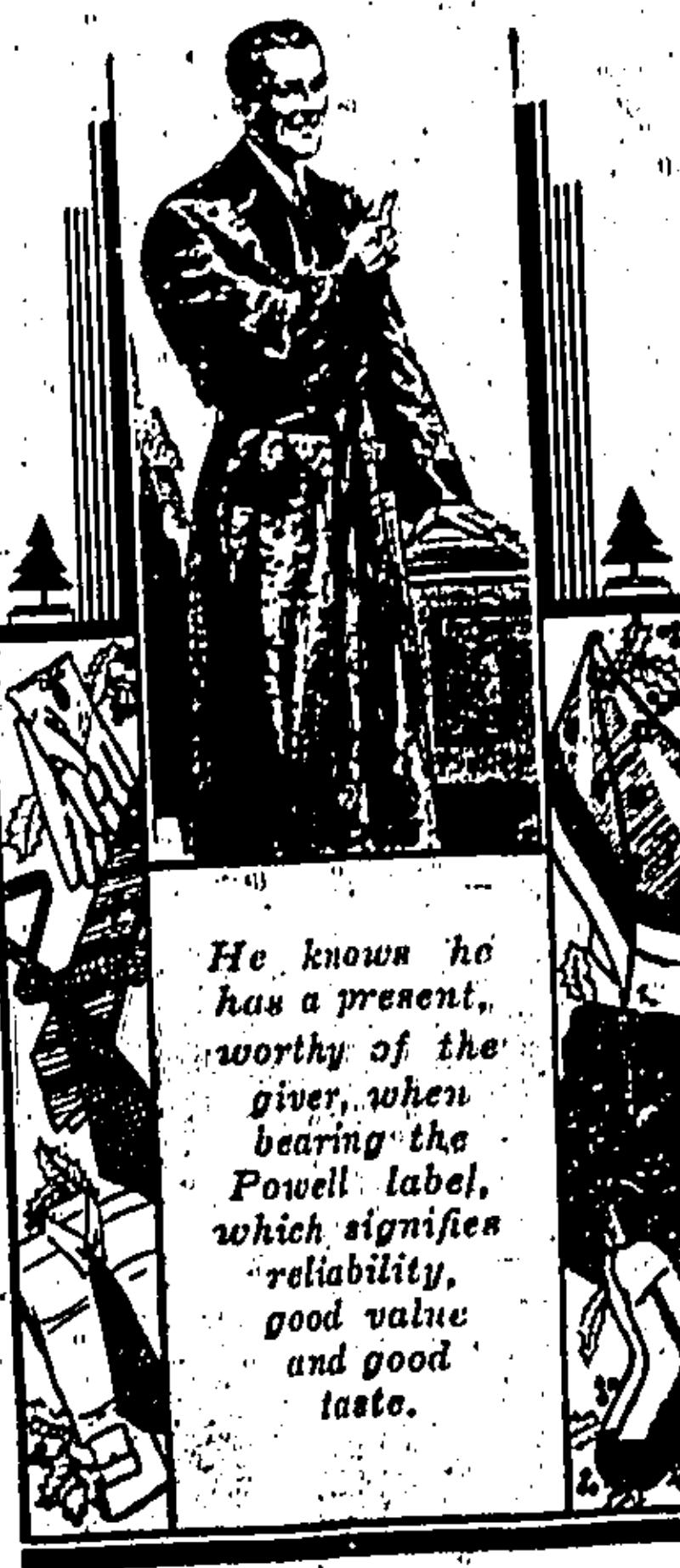
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XMAS MESSAGES FROM HONG KONG CHURCH LEADERS.

By BISHOP VALTORTA.

(Continued from Page 7.)
the Infant King, study the lesson which the Crib of Bethlehem shows:

"He left all His glory behind
To be born and to die for mankind."

"Utter forgetfulness of self, infinite charity towards others; the Majesty of the Godhead clothed in the beautiful helplessness of infancy, to draw all hearts to Him, and through Him to all others. How we should have loved to help Him then, how we should have loved to ease His sufferings by our own! We can do so now by doing to others what we would have done to Him. First, we must make our souls like unto His, we must saturate ourselves with His spirit, and then with the peace which shall be ours we shall bring by our example and by our words and deeds peace and happiness into the souls of others."

"The fulfilment of the message given by the angels, and accepted by the shepherds, and by all the countless friends of Jesus Christ from that first Christmas night to the present day, may be ours and the world's if only we and the world, instead of thinking of self, gather in humility around the Infant in the wayside cave and learn the lesson—the lesson of charity—which He came on earth to teach us."

By DEAN SWANN.

(Continued from Page 7.)
Himself—that is the sum of everything that is good and true and beautiful. He came to make of human life a happy party composed of His friends truly at home in His house. But few there were to receive Him then, and still there are few to-day.

And yet through the ages His Spirit has gained admittance here and there into many humble hearts, and through them its fragrance has been spread abroad, so that even where He Himself is not known its beauty may be seen. And it is chiefly at His birthday that it blossoms out each year. A heavenly power seems to compel its expression then.

"The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more."

"But how much greater would be the glory if the doors of every heart and every household and every party were gladly flung open to receive Him! That would be heaven on earth. And it is no vain dream. It is real already in some hearts and some homes and some parties. Why not in all?

"Where meek souls will receive Him still
The dear Christ enters in."

"The Boy in the attic was out in the cold. He did not complain, he merely stated the obvious fact—everybody seemed to have forgotten him. Christ

By REV. W. WALTON ROGERS.

(Continued from Page 7.)
that, as He Himself said, only the child-like heart can receive it, yet so powerful that it is transforming and will transform the world.

"In spite of our dullness and slowness in apprehending and our apathy in obeying, in spite of our arrogance and snobbery, our greed and selfishness, slowly but surely the Spirit of Christ is gaining power over the hearts of men, and if not with us and through us, then in spite of us, the day will come when the whole earth shall re-echo the angels' song of peace and goodwill, which sounds in our ears anew each Christmastide."

is still out in the cold. It is not His way to complain. Divine Love never wants anything for itself. But He knows how much men are missing without Him, and there is ever an ache in Love's heart when it is not received. That is why I began by saying "For God's sake let Christmas be Christian." The Heart of the Eternal is dissatisfied while His conscious, reasoning creatures fail to recognise and return His love.

"Thus, both for Earth and for Heaven Christmas without Christ is never anything but a shadow of what it might be, and sometimes it is a travesty.

"For God's sake and for our own, therefore, let our Christmas be Christian."

XMAS DAY WITH THEIR MAJESTIES.

(Continued from Page 28.)

Queen Mary makes it a rule to take a short rest after the meal; but long before tea is served she descends to the room that has been specially cleared for the better enjoyment of the children, "old" as well as young.

The King greatly enjoys watching these Christmas romps, and takes part in several of them with the greatest enjoyment. It is upon record that once he and the Prince of Wales came into violent collision, as the latter darted away to avoid being caught, and father and son sat on the ground gravely looking at each other and recovering their breath, while those present were convulsed with laughter.

Great Event.

After tea comes the great event of the day, when their Majesties, their family and guests, adjourn to the ball-room, in which the great and wonderful Christmas tree has been jealously kept locked away from too curious eyes.

Toward dusk the mansion blazes into a flood of brilliant light, and a Christmas dinner, including such old-fashioned dishes as boar's head and sucking-pig, is served. And the long and happy day closes in the "wee sma' hours" of Boxing Day, with a variety of recreations, ranging from dancing and music to bridge and billiards.

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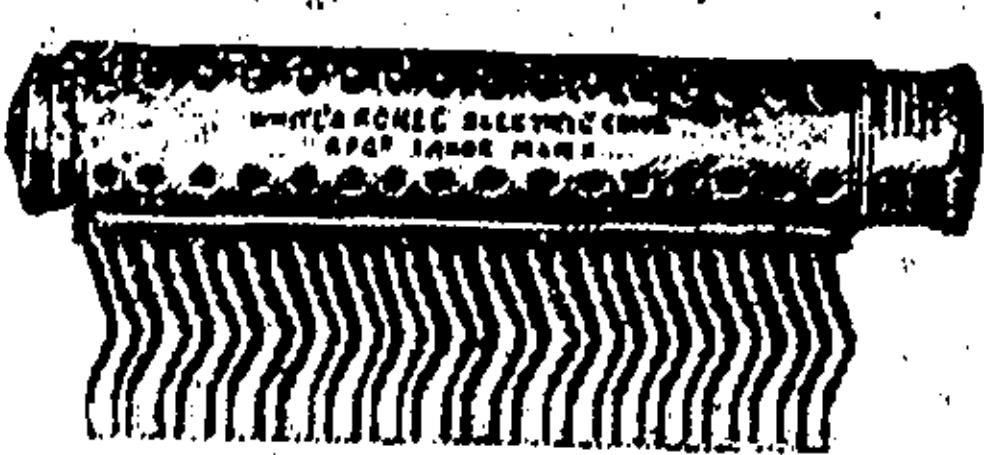
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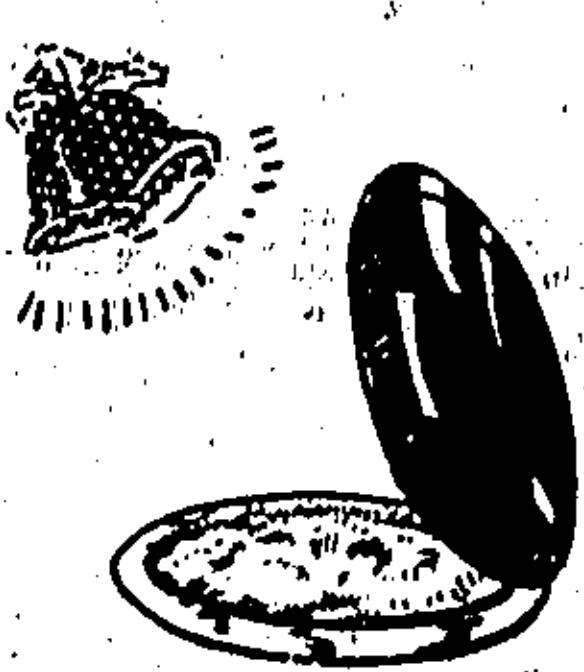
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HANSI

(Continued from Page 24.)

By Susan Ertz

ply enchanting me. I've no business to feel all this. It seems to me ridiculous and deplorable that I should feel it, but be patient with me—be patient."

She put an arm about his shoulder, and suddenly her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't be a fool," she said to herself. "Soon she'll be only a memory—she's not for this place for long." And, after a little struggle to vanquish her tears and a flourish with a handkerchief behind Charles' back, she said, smiling: "But don't you sometimes meet the others there? Sam and Frank?"

"Sometimes," said Charles. "Doesn't she think it very funny?"

"She's so used to admiration. She accepts it just as Else does."

"Charles, you're a dear," she said, "even if you do, at the moment, prefer someone else."

"I don't, Vanessa. For heaven's sake—"

"Hush," she said, laying a hand over his mouth. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to leave you. I'm going abroad."

He walked about the room, anxious and upset.

"Where? Why? What do you mean? For how long?"

"Perhaps I'll do a Mediterranean cruise. I've always wanted to. I'll take Margaret."

"But how long will you be away?"

"Until you tell me it's over. Until you want me back."

"But I don't want you to go." "It's slightly humiliating to me," she said—"all this. I think I'd be better away. I like Hansi enormously, in spite of everything, but I don't want to stay here and look on. Besides, it's interfering with my work."

"I won't see her again. I swear I won't. Or I'll try not to."

"No, no," she said. "That's no good. I'd better go. Perhaps it will soon be over." And she went quickly out of the room.

"What would I do," she asked herself, "if I were in Edna's place, completely dependent on Sam for her daily bread? What gesture would I make? Probably just the one she's making. I'd take to my bed. And what would I do if I were Bertha Tanner? I expect she's put Frank on starvation wages. If he were half a man he'd go to London and get a job. Or run off with Hansi. But I doubt if she'd go."

When Charles and Sam met on the 8:40 train in the morning, they would smile at each other a little shamefacedly but would avoid conversation. Sam looked worried and was worried. Edna's doctor was advising her to go to a London nursing home for rest and complete quiet, and she was refusing on the score of expense. It seemed to Sam that all the happiness he now had came to him from his visits to Hansi, his strolls with her, her gayety and nonsense. And lately he had jeopardised all this by one day im-

ploring her for a kiss, and then trying to take it by force, and his face lightly slapped in consequence. But he couldn't keep away. She didn't encourage any of them; she merely let them come and talk to her, walk with her, play with Else, or listen to her playing Strauss waltzes on the piano she had hired. She seldom spoke of their wives, and even Vanessa's visits had become rarer. Except for the three men, she would have been lonely enough.

Then one day, near the end of July and near the day when Vanessa was to depart with Margaret for her cruise, each of the three couples received a note from Hansi, in her curiously tall and angular writing. She wrote:

Dear Friends: Now I have my decree, I am so happy, I give a dinner party. Please come. It is Wednesday night, eight o'clock, and we all wear our best clothes, and forget all our troubles.

HANSI.

She sent a special note to Edna: Dear Friend: I so hope you are better. Please come to my party Wednesday; all spoilt unless you come. Please wear that white dress, so becoming it is. It will be a great occasion for me.

HANSI.

Edna said she thought perhaps she'd be well enough to go, and it might do her good. Also she told Vanessa that, quite frankly, she didn't think she could trust Sam there alone, as he seemed to have lost all sense of decency. Frank

Tanner was as nervous as a cat when the evening came, and Bertha spent an hour and a half over her dressing.

"I'm only going because you want me, to," she said to him.

Hansi received them in a pale pink chiffon gown that swept the floor and made her look both extremely girlish and extremely dignified. Certainly she had never looked lovelier, thought Charles, and Bertha experienced the same melting of the heart toward her that she had felt the first day they met. Frank hardly dared look in Hansi's direction. For him it was worse than for any of them. Only that morning he had begged her to run away with him, had implored her again and again, had even sobbed unmanfully at her feet.

"Not twice do I do such a folly," she had said. "And so good to you is that poor, nice Bertha!"

"I ought never to have married her—never, never!"

"Maybe so, maybe not. I think once you think you very lucky, no?"

She had cocktails ready for them, which List brought in. Everyone noticed that there were eight glasses, but only Sam spoke of it:

"Hello! Someone else coming? Not Gooch? I saw his car at the door to-day."

"No, not Mr. Gooch," she said, with her lovely smile. "But I like Mr. Gooch. If he would come to my dinner, I very pleased."

(Continued on Page 34.)

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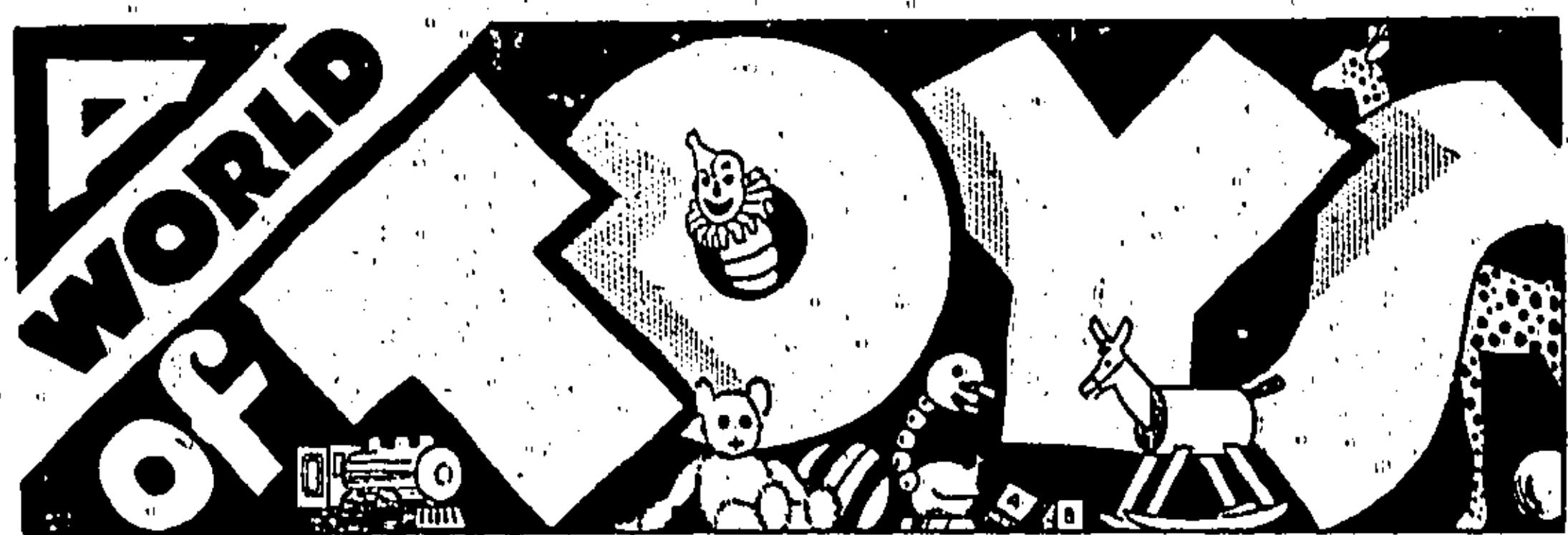
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HANSI

(Continued from Page 32.)

"You like everything that wears trousers," Edna longed to say. She had put on her white dress, and at the last moment had taken it off and put on a black one.

While they were speaking there was the sound of a car at the door, and a few seconds later a tall, well-built man walked in and hung his hat in the hall. As he entered the room, Hansi ran toward him and kissed him.

"Please," she said, facing them all and holding her latest guest by the hand, "here is an old, dear friend, Herr Johann Schall. Now I am free, soon we marry. I hope you wish me happiness, and Johann too."

Her announcement blasted its way like a charge of dynamite into three minds, and fell like dew from heaven upon the other three. Johann Schall bowed and smiled as Hansi introduced him to her neighbours, and shook hands with each in turn. He had a fine, broad pair of shoulders, a well-brushed and well-shaped head, a brown skin and a small, military moustache. Frank Tanner seemed flabby and under-muscled beside him. "Not twice do I do such a folly," he remembered bitterly, and he felt that his agony must be written on his face. Charles thought, "Ah, well, it's best like this; of course, it's best, but she might have told me. It will always hurt." Sam avoided Edna's

pleased, triumphant eye and felt a little sick. All along Hansi must have been comparing him in her mind with this good-looking devil. No wonder she had slapped his face that day. He remembered it with deep humiliation.

The women at once became friendly, talkative, the men more silent, and when they spoke it was with an effort that was at least obvious to their wives. They moved or stood restlessly, prayed that dinner might soon be ready, and soon be over. Charles kept his voice better than the others, and once when Vanessa saw Hansi raise her lovely, fringed eyes to her lover's face, she felt, vaguely, a pang of pain for Charles' hurt.

"Where are you staying?" she asked the tall man in German.

"At the little inn in your village," he answered. "It is very pleasant there, and the people are exceedingly kind. I will stay there till I take Hansi away."

"You are the luckiest of men," she said, and meant it. "She has changed all our lives a little," she told him.

He nodded: "She does that," he said, and smiled down at Vanessa.

For Sam and Frank the dinner was a nightmare, and Frank, though he sat on Hansi's left, talked, when he spoke at all entirely to Edna. Lisl, with the assistance of a woman from the village, cooked and served an excellent meal, and Charles, whom she

watched as though specially anxious to please him, congratulated her on it.

At eleven, Edna remembered her health and got up to go home. She had drunk cocktails, hock and a little Cointreau, and was flushed and a trifle unsteady on her feet. The departure of the others followed soon, and the front door had just closed on the Speeders—the last to leave—when Johann took both Hansi's hands and held them in one of his.

"Naughty one," he said, smiling at her, "what is this you have made me do?"

"You cannot call it naughty, Johann," she protested. "Things were going from bad to worse. Really, it was terrible here! The lady Lessingford taking to her bed, an invalid, and refusing to leave it; the lady Tanner giving that poor, silly Frank no money at all, and selling the horse she had given him so that he could no longer ride with me; and the lady Speeder about to leave her home and go abroad. I can tell you, it was not very funny."

"And you are grateful to Cousin Johann for coming?"

"Darling, you have always been so good to me. All my life, since I was a baby. Tell me, how is Terese? No letters from her for a long time."

"Terese is well, very well. We expect the baby in September."

"And little Heinrich? How is he?"

"Ah, mein Gott, Hansi, that is

By Susan Ertz

a splendid boy! One day we will marry him to Else."

She leaned her forehead against his shoulder. "I am so homesick," she said.

"Poor little Hansi! When do we go?"

"In two weeks I will be ready, Johann. I nearly fell in love with one of my neighbours. It was for that I wanted you most to come."

"With which one, naughty child?"

"With Charles—the one with glasses. He is so nice, so serious, so kind, so intelligent."

"There are thousands of nice men in the world."

"I know. And I don't want one of them. I want to work hard, to make money for Else, to be a good actress. But, Johann, they were so nice those two—Charles and his wife. Like partners. Like you and Terese, a little. If they ever come to Vienna—"

"Better not," he said. "Better that you remain just a happy memory."

"No," she said decisively. "No. That is why I hurt them all on purpose—why I behaved badly. There is one infidelity I could never forgive—if my husband always had in his mind a lovely memory with which I had no concern. No, no, I am not so naughty as to wish to be that. That is one vanity, Johann, that I absolutely deny myself."

He looked at her and laughed. "You intend well, at any rate, my little Hansi," he said.



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A HUNDRED AND ONE PLEASING GIFTS TO BRIGHTEN THE HOME THIS CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS FILM

(Continued from Page 8.)

This last scene is very different from what has gone before. It is Christmas Day in a Japanese city, and the year is 1909. Nothing of any particular importance seems to be happening, but then that was the case on the first Christmas Day of all.

Here comes a young Japanese student of 21, passing through the streets of Kobe with a bundle of bedding on his back. He stops at the door of a wretched hovel, six feet by six. Surely he will not go in there! The floor has not been swept for months, it is alive with vermin, and its history is terrible, even for a neighbourhood such as this. Murder has been committed in it, and it has only stood tenantless so long because of the rumour which declared it haunted. Here, with the gambler, the murderer and the prostitute at his door and often entering it, Kagawa has come to live. It is the beginning of a marvellous life of self-sacrifice, all the more marvellous in our eyes because it is being lived in our own time and in one of the world's greatest industrial centres. When Kagawa took upon himself the burden of the slum population of Japan, he not merely won the hearts of those among whom he came to live, he roused the conscience of the nation, till the government took action and launched a great programme of clearance and rehousing for these people whom none had valued till this man did. Listen to what he says himself, his own statement of



GIVE THE CHILDREN KLIM FOR Christmas
So They Will Be Well and Strong and Be Able to Enjoy All the Fun.

YUE LEE YUEN

the faith which led him to hear and to accept the call to such a life as this. He wrote afterwards: 'I am fond of men. The worst, most fear-inspiring, demonized

murderer, somewhere in his make-up has that which is irresistible. Nature is fascinating, but the children of the slums also abound in interest. If I am privileged to play with them I will not say that Nature surpasses them in attractiveness. I cling to men. I love them. I can't help loving them.'



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THE GOLDEN CAT.

MARCUS and his father were looking at the lawn, where Tim was rolling on his side, and stretching out his paws in the sunshine. Tim was the family cat, orange in colour, loved by Marcus, loved also by daddy, not quite, perhaps, so deeply. Marcus asked if daddy could ever, ever stop loving the lovely Tim?

"I hardly think so," said daddy thoughtfully. "Of course, if he did anything very bad, I might. But he's a fine old puss."

"He is always quite good," Marcus said quickly, and he dashed out of the long window and began to play with Tim. Daddy went off to mix some concrete to spread on the old cobbled yard.

But, alas! Tim did wrong. About an hour later he came stepping slowly out of the back door, and trod on a piece of freshly-laid paving, and it was not dry. His paw marks showed clearly when daddy wheeled up a barrow.

"Ugh! Shoot! Out of the way, Tim! Spilling my work. Whatever made you come round here just at this moment? Get out of the way!" The voice rang out, loudly and angrily, and Marcus caught Tim by the scruff of his neck as he bounded round the corner, for he had heard everything. Daddy had taken a dislike to this cat!

And, of course, daddy never really approved of Tim sitting on Marcus'

bed for a little every night before Marcus went to sleep. And, oh, supposing Tim, being afraid, should run away?

"Ah, here was Mr. Weller, the vicar, came to call on daddy." As he leaned against the wall, holding the struggling Tim, Marcus couldn't help hearing the friends talk to one another. The vicar seemed to be in trouble.

"What! Send your cat to catch a mouse? Certainly, I'll call Marcus," daddy said. "Tim is an excellent mouser."



"I suppose you don't want to part with Tim," came the vicar's voice; "I'd gladly keep him."

Then, indeed, Marcus shivered with fright. His gold cat! But in a moment he was smiling again, for daddy said: "Part with Tim? My dear man, I assure you I'd as soon part with my gold watch." Marcus gave a sigh of relief. Then it was all right. Daddy did really love Tim, and he would never, never send him away.

(Continued at foot of next Column.)

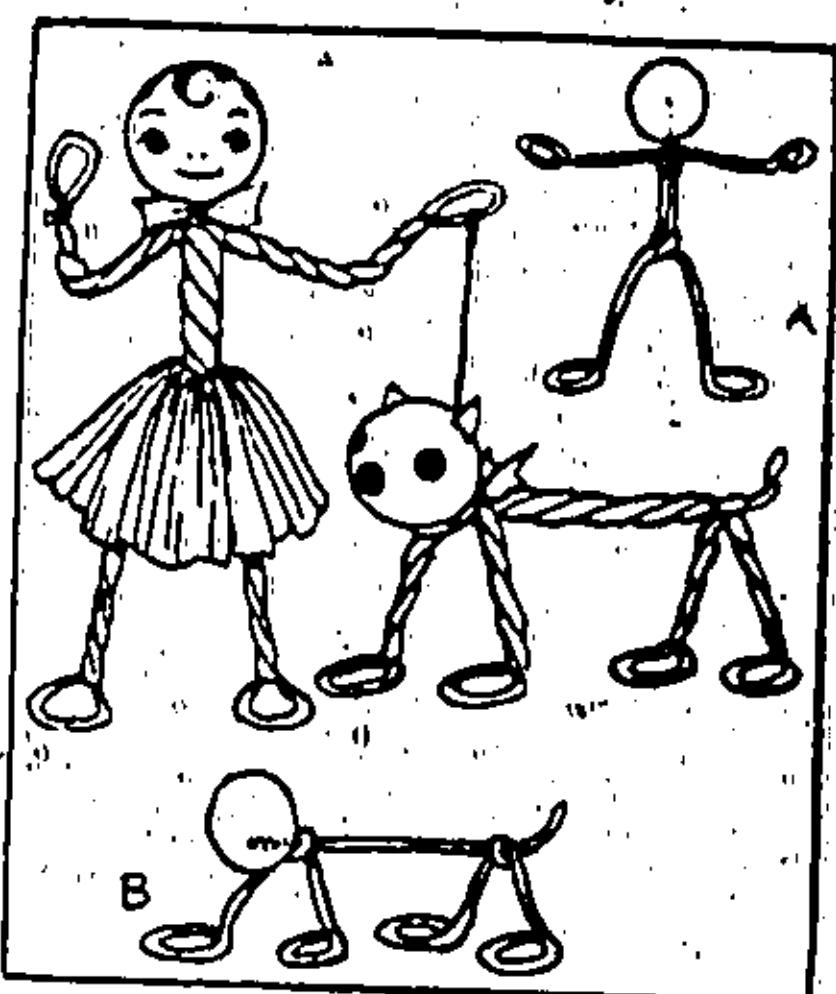


This picture of the woods would look prettier in colour, so get your paints or crayons, children, and see how attractive you can make it.

HOW TO MAKE "PING PONG PEOPLE."

"PING-PONG People" — that's what we call them in the Hut! They're great fun to make, and I know you will enjoy playing with them afterwards. You can fashion a whole family of "ping-pong People" for a few pence, because you only need ping-pong balls, pipe-cleaners, and crepe paper for the work.

Suppose you begin with Peggy Ping-pong. Draw a face on one of the balls, ink in the features, making them as funny as you like, then colour them with your paints. Make a tiny hole under the face, and into this stick one of the pipe-cleaners, folded in half, to represent the body. The dotted lines in Diagram A Show where the ends of the cleaner should go. Twist another pipe-cleaner round the folded one for the arms, looping the ends for hands; and another round the ends of the legs, looping the ends for feet. You'll find it quite easy to twist the pipe-cleaners, and the diagrams should make everything clear to you.



Peggy Ping-Pong and Puppy Ping-Pong.

Now cut narrow strips of crepe paper, and wind them round and round the body, arms and legs, putting a stitch here and there to keep all firm. Peggy wears a smart flounced skirt made from a strip of crepe paper with the edges fluted out, and a paper neck-ribbon completes her costume.

The Ping-pong Puppy is just as simple to make, and diagram B explains the construction. Small triangles of paper pasted to the head will suggest ears.

Once you begin, you'll find it very amusing to invent "Ping-pong People." Their flexible legs and arms will bend any way you like, and you'll find heaps of entertainment in making the dolls strike absurd attitudes.



(Continued from previous column.)

the duck's, and rain and sleet never touch his body.

Once a year only, at breeding time, the penguin goes ashore. A nest is soon made of rushes and water weeds, securely fixed in a niche in the rocks. There Mrs. Penguin sits on her two white-blue eggs, her husband mounting guard in a superior fashion and occasionally lending a hand. The process of hatching lasts for six weeks. The little chicks are born blind and Mrs. Penguin, who is a most devoted mother, feeds them from her own bill until their eyes open, and they are able to fend for themselves. Once able to see, the baby penguin is an astute little creature and soon rivals his father in his power of diving for the fish and mollusks he loves.

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YOUR
CHRISTMAS
ATTRACTION

QUEEN'S THEATRE

DAILY
SHOWINGS
AT
2.30, 5.10,
7.15 & 9.20

Merry Christmas

RESPLENDENT NAMES RING-
ING JOYOUS TIDINGS FROM
THE THEATRE FRONTS OF THE
QUEEN'S.. SCORING HIT AFTER
HIT IN AN HOUR WHEN HITS
ARE SALVATION..... M-G-M'S
GREAT STAR TRIOUPE TAKES
INSPIRATION FROM TIMES
HIGH WITH HOPE AND GOOD
WILL... THEIR GREETINGS TO-
DAY IS A PLEDGE TO DELIVER!

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WHEN LEO OF M-G-M
PLAYS SANTA
CLAUS—



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**WELL-FILLED
STOCKING!**

especially this Christmas
Leo brings you a sheer thrill



BRING THE CHILDREN TO SEE SANTA CLAUS AT SINCERE'S

Who Arrived on Saturday, by Aeroplane.

Santa Claus, the good old man who was so enthusiastically received here last Christmas, is back at Sincere's and is awaiting every child who tells Santa his Christmas wishes. He has brought along a full load of toys and candies and will do his best to gratify children's wishes who tell him in person or leave him a letter.

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while you shop*

**AT SINCERE'S
SANTA'S HEADQUARTERS.**